

# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

### A RUNAWAY BOY; OR, THE BURIED TREASURE OF THE INCAS.

*By A SELF MADE MAN.  
AND OTHER STORIES*



As Cliff ascended the steps with a basketful of treasure. Jack heard smothered sounds coming from the old ruins. Suddenly from around the stone wall three strangely attired natives sprang out on the mound and menaced Jack with their spears.

# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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## A RUNAWAY BOY

### OR, THE BURIED TREASURE OF THE INCAS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

#### CHAPTER I.—Jack Estabrook.

"Hello, Jack, where are you bound for?" asked Billy Case, an undersized farm boy, with a freckled face, a big mouth and a capacious grin, who was leaning lazily on the gate opening into his father's lane, in the dusk of the evening.

The speaker curiously eyed a stalwart, good looking boy, with a sun-burned countenance, carrying a small grip, who had stopped at his hail.

"I'm bound to get out of this county as fast as I can," replied Jack, whose other name was Estabrook.

"What for?" asked Billy, in astonishment.

"For the good of my health and other reasons," growled Jack, who was evidently in no very cheerful humor.

"What's the matter? You look as if you had a grouch on."

"I have—a forty horse-power one."

"Had another runin with your uncle?"

"Yes, and it's the last. There's a limit to everything, and I've reached mine."

"What are you goin' to do? You ain't runnin' away are you?"

"Yes, I'm running away, and look here, Billy Case I don't want you to let on that you've seen me coming this way. Understand?"

"I won't say a word if you don't want me to."

"I've stood all I'm going to from Mr. Glidding. He seems to think that because he's my uncle, and because I was left dependent on his bounty some years ago, that he owns me, like the negroes were once owned down South. He's just as mistaken as if he'd lost his shirt. He's knocked me around these five years as if I was a wooden image and had no feelings. But he laid the last straw on me awhile ago, and that settles our connection for good and all."

"What did he do to you?"

"He missed half a dollar from the store till and accused me of taking it."

"Which you didn't, of course."

"I should say not. I'm not a thief."

"What happened, then?"

"He grabbed me and searched my clothes."

"And didn't find the half dollar?"

"How could he when I hadn't taken it?"

"What did he do when he saw you didn't have the money?"

"He hauled me up in my room, locked the door and searched the place."

"What good did that do him?"

"No good."

"Then he gave it up?"

"No, he didn't. I have a small trunk which I keep locked. He ordered me to open it. I told him there was nothing in it but belonged to me. That didn't satisfy him. He gave the lid a tremendous kick which broke the lock. Then he went through my things and took——"

"What?"

"Seven dollars in silver I had saved up unknown to him for an emergency."

"If it was your money, what right had he to take it?"

"No right; but he took it just the same."

"You kicked, of course?"

"I did, but it didn't do me any good. He said he was sure I had taken the money from his till from time to time. He said this wasn't the first time he had missed money. Then saying that if he missed any more he'd have me arrested and put in the lockup, he walked out of the room with my money in his pocket and a satisfied grin on his face."

"That uncle of yours is a peach," said Billy, wagging his head.

"He's a whole orchard of rotten apples," replied Jack in a tone of disgust. "Well, he can get a new helper around the store, tomorrow, for I won't be there. If you want the job you're welcome to it, Billy," added the speaker with a sickly grin.

"Me work for your uncle? I guess not. He hasn't got money enough to hire me. How much did he pay you?" with a chuckle.

"He allowed me four dollars a week on his books."

"On his books!"

"Yes. Every Saturday night he put down in his cashbook—'Paid to Jack Estabrook, for services rendered, \$4.' Then under it he wrote 'Received from Jack Estabrook, on account of board and clothes, \$4.' One balanced the other."

"And you got nothin'?"

"Not a cent."

"And now you're runnin' away?"

"I am. The worm has turned at last."

"I don't blame you. If I'd been in your shoes I'd run away long ago."

"Maybe you would; but it takes an effort."

"I s'pose you're goin' to Rockport?"

"Perhaps. This is the road there."

"If your uncle took all your money you must be busted."

"I'm flat broke."

"How do you expect to get along?"

"The best way I can. I'm ready to work for anybody that'll give me a show."

"Know what I'd do if I was you?"

"No."

"I'd go to sea."

"Then you'd be a fool."

"Why would I? Ain't I read a whole lot about the sea? It's the finest thing out. you visit foreign lands and see all kinds of strange sights."

"This country is good enough for me."

"Well, it ain't good enough for me," replied Billy, in a decided tone. "I've got to work on the farm from daylight till dark hustlin' like a slave when school doesn't keep. I'm sick of it. I'd like to runaway, too. I'd like to go to the tropics, and the Spanish Main, and South America, and lots of other places, and see what's to be seen there. I couldn't work no harder aboard ship than I do for my father. He says he's goin' to make a farmer of me so I can run the place after he's dead. If you catch me runnin' this farm once I get a chance to skip out, you can call me a——"

"There he is. Nab him!" suddenly cried a voice that both boys recognized as belonging to storekeeper Moses Glidding.

There was a rush of footsteps and through the gloom shot the portly figure of Constable Squeers. Before Jack Estabrook could make a move, for he was taken entirely by surprise, the officer had him by the arm, with a grip that meant business.

"Come along with me, young man," he said, gruffly. "Your uncle has given you in charge, and I'm going to take you to the lockup."

"I haven't done anything. You have no right to arrest me," protested Jack.

"You've stolen money from your uncle's till for one thing; and you're running away for another. I reckon when you come up before the justice in the morning you'll get anywhere from thirty days to six months in the county workhouse."

To be sent to the county workhouse was considered a terrible disgrace for a boy, and the very idea of such a fate being in prospect for him, made Jack desperate. He made a sudden spring and tore his arm loose from the constable, then he dashed for the road. Unfortunately, in his anxiety to escape, he did not notice that somebody stood in his way.

That somebody was Moses Glidding, the storekeeper, his uncle. Mr. Glidding, though a spare man of fifty, was not very spry, being afflicted with rheumatism. The consequence was Jack collided with him and both went down in the shrubbery in a heap.

"Help! Help! Take him off!" shouted the storekeeper, under the impression that his nephew had deliberately attacked him.

The constable ran to his assistance, and before the runaway boy could save himself, he was once more in the grip of the portly Squeers.

"It won't do, young fellow. You can't get away from me," he said, with an accent on the last word, as if to remind his prisoner of the absolute futility of trying to give him the slip.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Mr. Glidding, "my poor back. I believe he meant to do me serious injury."

Jack might have explained that the mixup was a pure accident, but he felt in no humor for holding any conversation with his uncle, whom he never disliked more in his life than he did at that moment.

"I'll see that he doesn't get away from me again, Mr. Glidding," said the constable, confidently.

"I hope not," groaned the storekeeper. "Take him along with you. A night in the calaboose will tame him down, I reckon, and in the mornin' Justice Smith will attend to his case."

So Jack was marched off to the village lockup. This was a story and a half structure, the lower part, consisting of the constable's office and two cells, divided from each other by a brick wall, and provided with stout iron-bound doors and barred windows, was built of stone, while the half story was a mere wooden attic that had never been used for anything in particular.

On reaching this substantial but gloomy looking edifice, which was regarded with awe by the small boys of the village, Jack was unceremoniously locked up in the cell nearest the office, and left to meditate on the uncertainties of life, while Constable Squeers, after double locking the outer portal, retired to his own comfortable cottage hard by, perfectly satisfied that the State prison itself had nothing on this particular lockup.

## CHAPTER II.—Bill the Butcher.

The constable had hardly departed than Jack, who had seated himself on a rude cot placed against the brick wall and given himself up to gloomy reflections concerning his immediate future, was aroused by a thumping on the wall behind him.

There was a certain indication that the other cell had an occupant, too, and the boy wondered who his companion in misfortune was. It was apparent that the other prisoner was trying to attract the attention of the latest arrival. The thumping continued for some moments, with short intervals of silence.

"Who's there?" cried Jack at last.

"Bill the Butcher," came back the reply in hoarse smothered tones.

There were two butchers in the village, but neither they nor their assistants were named Bill. Besides, these same butchers, as well as their helpers, were law-abiding persons who were not likely to make the acquaintance of a cell in the lockup, therefore, Jack was at a loss to place the individual in the next room.

"What's your other name? Bill what?" he shouted back.

"None of yer blamed business what my other name is. Maybe I ain't got none, my hearty," came back from the other cell.

"What do you want?" asked Jack, now satisfied that the prisoner was some stranger who had been pulled in for disturbing the peace, or

otherwise conducting himself in an objectionable manner.

"What d'ye s'pose I want, you lubber? I want to get out, don't ye?" growled the other, in foghorn tones.

There is no doubt that Jack would have liked to have got out, but with the cell door padlocked, and the outer roor also well secured, he thought there wasn't much chance of either of them getting out until Constable Squeers let them out.

"Yes, I'd like to get out, but that isn't possible," he answered.

"What's the reason it isn't? Blame my top-lights, I never seen the jail that 'ud hold me over night."

"What were you pulled in for, Mr. Bill the Butcher?" asked Jack, feeling some interest in his neighbor.

"For nothin' except splicin' my mainbrace."

It was evident that Jack's neighbor was a sailor, and "splicing the mainbrace" was, in nautical phraseology, taking one or more drinks.

Jack, not being up in sea lore, did not comprehend the fellow's meaning, but he did not think it worth while to ask for an explanation. As he remained silent, Bill the Butcher continued his remarks.

"Say, my tulip, you're a boy, ain't yer?"

"Yes."

"Was ye took for a tramp or d'ye belong to this here village?"

"I belong here, but if I could get out of this building I wouldn't stay here long, I can tell you that."

The reader may wonder how this conversation could be carried on through a brick wall, but it happened that Bill the Butcher had discovered a weakness in the wall and removed a number of bricks from it, so that when the constable left the building only one layer of brick at that particular spot stood between the two prisoners.

"Say, sonny, I'm comin' in to call on yer."

"You are? I'd like to know how you are going to manage it," replied the surprised boy.

"I'm comin' through the wall."

"I guess you're crazy."

"Don't you believe it, sonny. Bill the Butcher always knows what he's about. I've got about a dozen bricks out of this here wall already, and it won't take me more'n a twist of a cat's tail to bu'st a hole through, so stand out of the way or yer may get hurt."

Jack, who readily comprehended the meaning of the man's words, sprang up from the bed which he had been leaning across with his ear against the wall. Hardly had he got on his feet before he heard a heavy thump on the wall. A brick shot out of the wall and landed on the bed.

"There, my hearty, yer see this here shell-back means business," came a hoarse, strong voice through the hole.

"How in creation did you do that?" asked Jack, amazed at the operation.

"Easy enough. The mortar is crumbly and the bricks loose at this here p'int. I dug out a batch of 'em, and now I'm usin' the leg of the wooden chair in here which I twisted off. Here comes another."

Bang went the implement against the wall and

a second loose brick joined its companion, followed by a small shower of mortar.

"Say, Mister Bill, what good will it do you to get in here? There isn't any way of escaping from this cell."

"We'll make a way, sonny," was the reply, as a third brick fell out of the hole.

"I don't see how."

"Then stow yer jaw and wait till yer see what happens."

After a half a dozen bricks had fallen on the bed Bill the Butcher began widening the hole on his side, as Jack could tell by the fall of the bricks on the cemented floor. After awhile more bricks fell on the bed and the opening grew rapidly wider. Bill the Butcher appeared to be hustling for all he was worth, and his strength seemed to be prodigious.

"Say, sonny, how does the ceilin' look on yer side?"

"Can't see it. It's too dark."

"Couldn't yer put yer chair on the bed and stand on it? That would bring yer close to it. Then if yer had a match in yer clothes——"

"I'll take a look at it, though I don't see what good it will do."

"Wait a minute, sonny, till I pass yer in a chair leg. When yer get up to the ceilin' yer ought to be able to pound a hole in it same as I'm doin' in this here wall. When ye've knocked a yard of plaster down yer kin smash in a few of the laths and see what's on the other side."

"There are beams and flooring on the other side, of course," replied Jack, who thought that to follow the man's directions was a useless waste of effort.

"I reckon the floorin' ain't none to strong, my hearty, and if the beams is wide enough I'll get through 'em. I've done that trick afore now."

"How are you going to push up the flooring, supposing you're able to reach it?"

"Don't you worry about that, sonny. If I kin get through a brick wall I kin get through a wooden floorin'. Jest you get busy with that there ceilin' while I finish this here job."

A big patch in the corner was discolored as though moisture had penetrated it at that point. Jack moved the chair over a bit, got up again and pounded the plaster with the end of the chair leg which the man had passed in to him.

It did not seem to be solid, but rather loose from the laths.

The boy started in to open up a hole at the spot. The plaster was soon falling in big chunks. In the course of ten minutes he had made a hole over two feet square. At that moment he heard a scrambling sound in the next cell.

Looking down he saw the head and stalwart shoulders of the other prisoner coming through the opening in the wall. A moment later Butcher Bill, as he called himself, landed in Jack's cell.

"Flash a glim up there and let's see what you've done," said the man, in his foghorn voice.

Jack struck a match, and while Bill the Butcher looked up, the boy looked down, curious to found out what kind of a chap his companion was. It was a rascally, bewhiskered countenance that Jack saw beneath him.

A face that an artist would have considered an excellent model for an old-time sea rover of the

Spanish Main stripe. His eyes were fierce and bloodshot, his skin the color of mahogany, and his hands huge and knotty.

Jack wished him back in his own cell, with the brick wall in its original condition, for as a cell-mate he was decidedly undesirable.

"You've done pretty well considerin'," growled the unsavory looking mariner. "Come down now and I'll get up and see what I kin do."

Jack got down in a hurry and stood back while Bill the Butcher, who looked more like a butcher of human beings than of dumb animals, mounted the chair which hardly looked strong enough to support him.

"Hand me a match, sonny," he said, holding down his hairy hand that greatly resembled the paw of a gorilla.

Jack gave him two. He struck one, looked at the lathing, and then proceeded to demolish it. It yielded under his efforts like so much pie crust.

In a few minutes he had it all cleared away around the hole which he enlarged to nearly a square yard. Then he pushed his arm up between the wide beams and felt of the flooring of the attic.

"Just as I thought, sonny; it ain't much better than punk," he said.

Using the chair leg as a battering-ram, he smashed one of the thin boards almost at a single blow. Once he had made an opening in the flooring, the rest seemed comparatively easy to him.

In a quarter of an hour he had smashed and ripped out a passage large enough for him to force his way with some difficulty through. As soon as he was in the attic he looked down into the cell.

"What did I tell yer, my hearty? This ain't the first jail I've busted out of."

Jack was willing to believe that.

"Now get up on the chair and I'll help yer out. Then we'll give this old caboose the shake," said the sailor.

The runaway boy was quite willing to take advantage of his companion's aid in getting out of the cell, but he hoped to shake his society after he had got clear of the lockup. Jack being a spry lad, found he could work his way up into the attic without help and did so.

"Now, sonny, I reckon the rest is easy," said Bill. "There's a winder. All we've got to do is to raise it and drop out."

The sailor suited the action to the word, and alighted on the ground outside as nimbly as a monkey, though he must have weighed all of 180 pounds. Jack followed him, and, with a thrill of satisfaction, realized that he was free.

### CHAPTER III.—The Treasure of the Incas.

"Which way yer bound, sonny?" asked the hard looking mariner, as they started off in the direction of the county road.

"I was on my way to Rockport when the constable nabbed me," replied Jack.

"What had ye been doin'?"

"Nothing that I'm ashamed of. My uncle, with whom I've been living, has treated me so shabby that I concluded to stand it no longer.

So after supper, instead of going back to the store, I took my grip and started to shake this village for good. Mr. Glidding that's my uncle, must have discovered that I intended to quit his service, for he swore out a warrant for my arrest and got Constable Squeers to serve it. Somebody probably told them they had seen me walking in the direction of Rockport. At any rate, they followed the right track and caught me half a mile or so outside the village. That's the whole story."

"Then ye was put into the lockup for runnin' away from yer uncle?"

"That's about the size of it."

"Now that ye are free ag'in, ye don't mean to go back to him, of course."

"I should say not."

"What d'ye mean to do when yer get to Rockport?"

"I did intend to look for work there, but it wouldn't be safe now for me to do that. I must keep right on to Boston. It's best for me to get out of this State as soon as possible."

"I reckon ye are right, my hearty. I'm goin' to Boston myself. I guess the safest way to get there is on a coaster from Rockport. Water leaves no tracks, while ashore we'd be seen and pulled up all standin' afore we reached the State line."

Jack wasn't over anxious to go to Boston in Bill the Butcher's society, but as the case stood he didn't see how he could shake the sailor, who appeared to have taken a shine to him. He was now in worse shape even than when he left the store that evening, for his uncle had taken away his grip, so he had absolutely nothing now but the clothes he stood in.

As they turned their faces in the direction of Rockport, Jack wondered what his companion's name was other than Bill, and how he came to be in Wakefield village. His reflections were intruded upon by the sailor asking him his name.

"Jack Estabrook. What's yours?"

"I told ye afore it was Bill the Butcher."

"That's a sort of nickname. What's your right one?"

"Ye are pesky inquisitive, ain't yer?" growled the sailor.

"You needn't tell me if you don't want to."

"Ye just can call me plain Bill, then ye and me'll get along all right."

Jack concluded that it would be wise for him to let it go at that, so he nodded and nothing more was said for several minutes.

"Here's where the constable got me," said Jack, pointing at the gate to Farmer Case's lane. "There are a lot of bushes around here, and Mr. Squeers and my uncle came on me unawares and surprised me."

"I reckon they won't get a chance to surprise yer no more."

"I hope not."

"I s'pose ye are thinkin' of goin' to work in Boston?"

"That's my intention."

"What kind of work do ye expect to tackle?"

"Anything that's honest."

The sailor chuckled, and there was another spell of silence.

"Look here, sonny, wouldn't ye like to go to sea for a change?" he said at length.

"Not much. I prefer to stay on land."

"Oh, ye do! Now s'posin' ye thought ye could make yer fortin' by goin' to South America, wouldn't yer go?"

"If I was pretty sure of making a fortune I might go there, but there ain't no danger of such a thing happening."

"That's where ye are wrong, my hearty. I know where there's a big fortin in gold hidden in the mount'ins of Peru. Im goin' there to get as much as I kin carry away with me. There's more'n enough for ye, too, so, if yer say the word, ye shall come with me and we'll share alike. Ye ought to fetch back enough gold to buy the hull of that there village ye've been livin' in."

"I guess that's one of your sailor yarns, Mister Bill," replied Jack, who put little stock in the sailor's statement.

"Sailor yarns be jiggered," growled Bill, in a ruffled tone. "There ain't no yarn about it. The gold is hidden in a certain spot in the mount'ins, and it's been there three or four hundred year."

"How to you know the gold is where you say, and that it's been there so long?" asked Jack, with a sudden show of interest.

"How do I know, sonny?" said the sailor, with an intelligent wink of the eye. "Don't ye worry about that. I know, and that's enough. If yer come with me and help dig it up, ye shall have a fair share, which ought to be as much as yer kin spend in the course of yer nat'ral life. If yer don't come, ye'll lose a chance ye won't never get again."

"You say this gold is hidden in the mountains of Peru?"

"Right ye are, sonny."

"That's a long way from here."

"I reckon it is. Howsomever, it wouldn't take a ship so long to land us in Callao, and from there we could get to the mount'ins all right."

"You're a sailor and could work your way to that port, but it would be different with me if I wanted to go. I don't know the first thing about the work on a ship."

"Ye could learn, sonny. By the time yer reached Callao ye'd be a full-fledged O. S."

"What's an O. S.?"

"Ord'nary seaman. I'm an A. B., which mean that there ain't nothin' I don't know about workin' any old hooker I'm aboard of."

"I wouldn't care to be a sailor. I haven't any ambition in that direction."

"Ye don't have to be one, sonny, if yer don't want to; but if ye go to Callao with me, I reckon ye'll have to work yer way. After we get hold of the buried gold of the Incas we kin come back in style like gents."

"Buried gold of the Incas!" exclaimed Jack, who had read in his school history considerable about the early Peruvians, and the conquest of their country by the Spanish adventures under the leadership of Pizarro. "Is this some of the treasure that the Incas buried in certain places to keep it from falling into the hands of the Spaniards more than 350 years ago?"

"That's what it is, sonny. Ye seem to know somethin' about what happened in them days. That's one of the 'vantages of gettin' an education. I never had none to speak of. What I found out about that there gold I learned from

a chap who'd been right in them mount'ins and talked to one of the natives who knew all about the treasure, but wouldn't show him where it was hidden."

"Do you know the spot where it is hidden?"

"I reckon I do, sonny."

Jack looked at the sailor and wondered whether he was telling the truth. He didn't see what object he could have in lying about the matter, and yet it didn't seem reasonable that he could know where a considerable treasure hidden by the Peruvian Incas was hidden.

He walked along in silence, turning the subject over in his mind, and finally reached the conclusion that credence could be placed in the sailor's yarn. They now entered the main street of a village called Wayburn.

It was about eleven o'clock, and only a few lights were to be seen twinkling here and there. All the stores were closed, the tavern being the only place that was open along their route. Bill the Butcher recognized its character right away and made a bee-line for it.

"Are you going into that place?" asked Jack.

"I reckon I am, sonny."

"When Mr. Squeers goes to the lockup in the morning and discovers that we made our escape during the night, he's sure to harness up his rig and drive this way as fast as he can."

"What do we care, sonny?"

"He'll stop at this tavern and if you show yourself in there at this hour, he'll learn that we came this way at a certain hour, and he'll telegraph to the Rockport police to be on the lookout for us and arrest us on sight," replied Jack.

"I reckon he'll do that anyway, whether he finds out we stopped here or not."

Jack had to admit there was a strong likelihood that such would be the case, since Mr. Squeers would naturally believe that the escaped prisoners would head for Rockport as the most likely place where they would find means at their disposal for escaping from the State.

"It will take us all night to walk to Rockport if we keep going," said Jack, "so we ain't got any time to lose."

"Ye kin sit down on that stone and wait for me, my hearty. I won't be long," said Bill the Butcher, who was evidently determined to have a drink. Jack sat down, but as soon as the door closed on the sailor, he sprang up again.

"Why should I wait for him? This is a good chance to shake him. His company is not to my liking. I believe he's a big rascal. At any rate, there is some mystery about him, for it's very odd that a strange sailor like him should be in Wakefield. I don't like the name he gave me—Bill the Butcher. It sounds bloody like. Just as if he killed a number of people, and that he was proud of the murderous reputation he had acquired thereby. It is true he helped me out of the hole I was in, for I never could have got away from the lockup myself, but for all that, I'd rather get on without his company, even he does think me ungrateful."

While speaking, Jack had been walking slowly away from the neighborhood of the tavern. Now, having determined to drop the companionship of the hard looking sailor, he stepped out at a

lively gait, hoping to reach Rockport soon after sunrise.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Jack Reaches Rockport.

It was seven in the morning when Jack entered Rockport. He was dead tired after his long walk, and the dearest wish of his heart at that moment was to find some retired spot where he could lie down and go to sleep. Still, he knew he was taking chances of arrest if he remained many hours in Rockport.

Yet what could he do? He was in no shape to continue his flight further on foot, and he didn't have even the price of a railroad ticket to the next station. Nor did he have money enough to pay for the most frugal kind of a breakfast. He began to realize that his case was a pretty desperate one.

He walked mechanically through the streets, heedless of the direction his feet were taking him, until at last he found himself on the water front. Before him stretched a vista of wharves with numerous craft, mostly fore-and-after coasters, lying alongside of them. The work of loading and unloading many of these vessels was just beginning for the day.

Empty teams and others filled with goods were beginning to arrive from different directions. The scene presented before the boy's eyes was one of life and action, and under different conditions it would have greatly interested the young runaway from Wakefield village.

Jack leaned against the wall of a ship chandlery shop which faced the wharves and blinked at the busy men on the docks, the vessels and the sunlit waters of the harbor. Suddenly his attention was attracted to the queer actions of a smooth-faced chap of perhaps twenty, who was hovering around the open window of the counting-room of the ship chandlery establishment.

"I wonder what he's up to?" thought Jack, watching the young man.

Presently the object of his attention dexterously shoved his arm through the opening and then withdrawing it quickly with a long black wallet in his hand, started on the run across the street. The head and shoulders of a portly man appeared at the window and shouted, "Stop thief!"

In an instant Jack realized what had happened, and on the spur of the moment he darted after the thief, intent on capturing him and returning the wallet to the owner. Jack forgot all his weariness in the excitement of the chase he had voluntarily entered on. He was a swift runner, and as active on his feet as a young monkey, so that he was close upon the rascal's heels before the fellow became aware that the boy was after him.

The thief redoubled his exertions to escape with his booty, darting around piles of merchandise on the dock, and in and out among the trucks and other teams. But he couldn't shake Jack off, and the young runaway finally cornered him at the end of the dock. Then the fellow showed fight.

"What are you following me for?" he demanded.

"To make you give up that pocketbook you

stole a few minutes ago," replied Jack, in a resolute tone.

"You must be crazy. I didn't steal any pocket-book."

"Yes you did, for I saw you do it."

"You're a liar," snarled the other.

"Am I? I see the end of it sticking out of your pocket now."

Jack pounced suddenly on him and pulled the long black wallet out of the side pocket of his jacket.

"There, what do you call that?" cried the boy, triumphantly.

"Blame you, give that back to me. It's mine."

"Not much. I'm going to return it to the owner."

"Hold on," cried the thief, as Jack turned away, "don't be a fool. We'll open the wallet and whack up even."

This suggestion didn't take with Jack, who was a thoroughly honest boy.

"No, we won't do anything of the kind. What do you take me for?" he said, indignantly.

Seeing that the bait had failed to catch Jack, the rascal, with a snort of rage, sprang upon the boy and tried to wrest the wallet from him.

They struggled along the stringer of the wharf, each trying to regain possession of the pocketbook. For some moments the advantage rested with neither, for both were about the same height, and both equally strong and active.

Then the thief tripped over a wooden fender that lay on the wharf. Jack instantly availed himself of the chance to snatch the wallet from the rascal's grasp. As the fellow fell backward, struck on the stringer and rolled overboard, Jack, without noticing his mishap, started back up the dock on the run, fully expecting the thief to tag after him for part of the way at least.

When the young runaway finally glanced back over his shoulder he saw no sign of the rascal, and concluded he had given up the contest as a bad job. Jack made his way across the street and walked into the ship chandlery shop. Here he found the portly proprietor standing at the door of his small counting-room talking excitedly to a policeman.

"Excuse me, sir, I think this belongs to you," said Jack, holding up the stolen wallet.

"Ha, where did you get it?" cried the man, snatching it from his hand.

"I chased the thief out on the wharf and took it away from him."

"You did, eh? You were the boy I saw run after him, and I thought you were his accomplice. Are you sure the rascal didn't take the money out of the book?"

"I didn't see him open the wallet. I didn't give him much time to do it. At any rate, he put up a fight when I cornered him, and even offered to divide the contents of the pocketbook with me when he saw that matters were going against him."

"The money is here," said the portly man, in a tone of relief. "What is your name, young man?"

"Jack Estabrook."

"Well, it's fortunate for me you were around at the time that young rascal snatched the

wallet off my desk. You saved me from quite a loss. I am very much obliged to you, and here is a ten-dollar bill for your trouble."

He handed the money to Jack, who accepted it mechanically, thanked him and then walked out of the store, leaving the ship chandler to close the incident with the policeman.

"Ten dollars!" muttered Jack, gazing at the bill. "Now I can eat and then take a train to Boston. What luck!"

His satisfaction was great, and the anticipation of getting out of his present difficulties made him feel like a new boy. He started to look for a restaurant.

After going a block he came to an alley. Glancing up it he saw a sign extending out above a door which read as follows: "Mariners Rest. Lodgings, 25 Cents. Meals at all hours."

"Meals at all hours," said Jack to himself. "I guess that's a restaurant."

As he didn't notice any other restaurant sign in the neighborhood, and feeling uncommonly hungry, he entered the alley and walked up to the door. A man in shirt sleeves, with a Hibernian cast of countenance and a pipe in his mouth, came to the door just as Jack arrived abreast of it. After eying the boy from head to foot with a curious stare, he said:

"Is it lodgin's, wid three square males a day yez are lookin' for, me cockatoo?"

"No, sir, I'm looking for breakfast," replied Jack.

"Breakfast is it? Thin ye've come to the right shop, so ye have. Step in and sit down at thot table yonder. I'll see that ye're waited on in the twist of a pig's tail."

Jack followed him inside and seated himself at the table in question, while the proprietor of the place went back to the kitchen. The runaway gazed with some curiosity upon his surroundings. The room was long and low, with exposed rafters in the old-fashioned style. A small bar stood against the wall that divided the place from the store beyond that fronted on the street.

A boy in shirt sleeves was leaning over it reading a morning paper. Six or seven common deal tables stood along the side of the room, each lighted by a window consisting of two upright sashes that worked on hinges and made up of small diamond-shaped pieces of glass held in place by strips of lead.

The window looked out on the alleyway. Half a dozen rough looking men, with a more or less sea-faring look about them, sat at three or four of the tables eating and drinking. They were an improvement on Bill the Butcher, but that was the most that could be said in their favor. Seated at a table apart from the others was a roughly-dressed boy about Jack's age who had just finished his meal.

His face wore an intelligent and refined look, not in keeping with his garments, and that fact attracted Jack's particular attention. He noticed that the lad looked tired and somewhat dispirited. Little did Jack think that while he was pondering whether the boy was like himself, a wanderer, if not an outcast from home, that he would become closely associated with him in his subsequent adventures.

## CHAPTER V.—Jack Makes a New Acquaintance.

In a few minutes the boy looked up and caught Jack staring at him. He returned the look and seemed to be sizing the runaway up. At that moment the proprietor entered the room with Jack's breakfast. He laid the plates containing a piece of steak, some fried potatoes, bread and butter on the table and inquired:

"Will yez have tay, coffee or beer?"

"Coffee," replied Jack.

The coffee was brought and the runaway began his breakfast. The youth at the opposite table watched him intently. Although he had finished his own breakfast he seemed in no hurry to leave the place. Jack looked up once or twice and caught the lad looking at him.

"I wonder who he is?" he thought, and this was the same question the other boy had asked himself some moments before.

Jack didn't lose much time over his meal, for he was hungry, and he soon cleaned up the plates. As he sat back with a sigh of satisfaction, the proprietor approached the other boy and said to him:

"Well, have yez eaten enough?"

"I have," answered the boy, rather uneasily.

"Then yez kin pay me thirty cints for yer male."

The boy put his hand to his vest pocket and then stopped.

"I'm sorry, but I haven't the money to pay you."

"Whot's thot? Yez haven't the money?"

"I was robbed of my money before I came in here."

"Do yez think I'll belave sich a cock-and-bull story as that?"

"It's the truth."

"And supposin' it is, whot do yez mane by comin' in here and atin' me good male, wid two cups of coffee, d'ye moind, as if one wasn't good enough for yez, whin yer knew yez couldn't pay?"

"I didn't discover my loss until after I had finished my breakfast," protested the boy.

"Oh, yez didn't?" replied the proprietor, sarcastically. "So yez haven't any money at all?"

"Not a cent. The rascal cleaned me out."

"Thin I'll clane yez out a different way, so I will. First it's a good lickin' I'll be afther givin' yez wit' a club, and thin I'll have you arristed for chatin' me, d'ye understand? Here, Mike," to the boy at the bar, "bring me, me club, and hould this young thafe of the wurruld till I baste the hide off him."

"I'm willing to work out the thirty cents," said the boy, "if you've anything for me to do."

"No, yez can't. Ye'll pay me the thirty cints or take a batin' and be locked up into the bargain."

"I can't pay you," replied the boy, desperately.

"Thin it's a batin' ye'll remimber for some toime yez'll get this minute," said the proprietor, snatching the club from his assistant's hand and then yanking the unfortunate boy out of his seat.

The young barkeeper gripped him by the right

arm and the owner, with a look of grim satisfaction, raised the club aloft to lay on the first blow with all his brutal strength when Jack, who had watched the scene with a feeling of great sympathy for the moneyless youth, sprang on his feet and cried out in ringing tones:

"Hold!"

The proprietor turned his head to see who had the assurance to interfere in the matter, while the two remaining customers in the room regarded Jack with an unfavorable stare. The Irishman's brow grew dark and stormy when he saw that the butter-in was the other boy, his last customer.

"Whot's the matter wit' ye, ye young spalpeen?" he roared.

"Don't you hit that boy. I'll pay his bill with my own."

"Ye'll do whot? Pay for him?" cried the astonished proprietor.

"That's what I said."

"Pay me thin, or it's a foine batin' I'll give him, and ye, too, if yez butt in ag'in."

"How much do I owe you?"

"Twenty-foive cints."

"That will be fifty-five altogether. Take it out of that," and Jack held the \$10 banknote under his nose.

"Where did the loikes of ye get so much money?" he said, examining the note carefully as if he feared it might be a spurious one.

"That's none of your business," replied Jack, sharply.

"Maybe yez have more of the same koind?" said the man, with a crafty leer.

"That's none of your business, either. Just get a move on and hand out my change."

The proprietor gave Jack a malicious look, went down into his pockets and counted out \$9.45, which he laid on the table.

"Maybe yez'll have a drink at my expinse before ye go," he said, in what he intended as a friendly tone.

"Thanks," replied Jack, coolly, "I don't drink liquor, and if I did, I'd pay for it like a man."

The owner mumbled something under his breath and drew off toward the bar with his assistant, to whom he had returned the club. The boy Jack had saved from a beating and threatened arrest, walked up to him and held out his hand.

"I want to thank you for saving me from a lot of trouble. I assure you that I am very grateful and appreciate the favor," he said.

"You're welcome. I wasn't going to stand by and see you beaten because you couldn't pay for your breakfast as long as I could afford to help you out," replied Jack.

"Perhaps you'll tell me your name? I should be glad to know you."

"Jack Estabrook. And yours?"

"Mine is Cliff Arlington," smiled the other.

"You appear to be in hard luck, Arlington."

"I am. I've had nothing but hard luck since—since my mother died and I was thrown on my own resources to make a living for myself or starve."

"That's too bad. Sit down and let's have a talk. I'm in hard luck myself, but I suppose I made mine by running away from an uncle I detested."

"Then you're out on the world, too?" said

Arlington, regarding Jack with a new interest.

"That's what I am. But I'm worse off than you, for I'm liable to be arrested at any moment and taken back to Wakefield village where I came from."

"Wakefield! I am from Franklin village, five miles to the north of that place. I've lived there all my life."

"Is that so?" said Jack in surprise. "I've lived at Wakefield for the last five years with my uncle, Mr. Glidding, who keeps one of the general stores. What Mr. Glidding hasn't made me do for my board and clothes is hardly worth mentioning. He is one of those men who would skin a flea for its fat if it were possible to accomplish such a job, and use the fat on his wagon wheels to save cart grease."

"Can they arrest a boy for just running away?"

"I was arrested last night in Wakefield by the head constable on the double charge of running away from my uncle and stealing money from his store till."

"Stealing money!" exclaimed Arlington.

"Of course I didn't, but that's what the constable said when he laid hold of me. At any rate, I was locked up in the calaboose and my uncle said the justice would attend to my case in the morning."

"If you were locked up all night at Wakefield, how could you get to Rockport so early in the morning as this? It's a good twenty-five mile ride by wagon."

"I walked here during the night."

"You did! Walked twenty-five miles!"

"Every step of the way, and I'm dead tired, I can tell you."

"Well, you're a wonder, Estabrook. But how did you get out of the lockup? The constable released you, I suppose."

"Then you suppose wrong. I broke out."

"You broke out! How did you manage it?"

"Well, to tell the truth, it was another chap, a big, brawny sailor, confined in the adjoining cell, who did most of the breaking out. He wrecked the brick wall between our cells, and made a hole in the ceiling of my cell big enough to escape through. When we got into the loft it was simple enough to leave the building by dropping out through a window."

"That was quite an adventure. I think I should have liked that myself," said Arlington, almost enthusiastically.

"That so? Then I can't say I admire your taste. That adventure is likely to land me in the county workhouse for a year if I don't get out of Rockport before the police here get on to me."

"I hope not," replied Arlington, with a look of concern.

"So do I, that's why I want to reach Boston as soon as possible. If I can get out of this State in safety, I guess I'll be all right."

"I was going to Boston, too, but now that I've lost all my money, I'm afraid it will take me some time to get there," said Arlington gloomily.

"I'd take you with me only I haven't got funds enough. That \$10 bill I gave the man here represented the sum total of my funds, and I only got hold of that by accident. I'll tell you how. When I reached town here I was strapped as badly as you are at this moment."

Then Jack proceeded to tell his companion how

he saved the wallet from the thief and received the \$10 from the owner.

"Gee! You were lucky," said Arlington. "Only for that affair you wouldn't have had the price of your breakfast."

"That's right. It was lucky for you, too, for otherwise I wouldn't have been on hand to save you from a beating."

At that moment a bulky newcomer appeared on the scene. He walked in at the door and looked around as if the place was familiar to him. As his eyes roved about they settled on Jack. A malicious grin wreathed his bewhiskered features, and he walked over to the table where the two boys sat with the peculiar rolling gait of a sailor. Neither boy noticed his advent.

"By the way, Estabrook, what became of the sailor who helped you escape from the lockup in Wakefield?" asked Arlington.

"We walked as far as Wayburn together. Then he went into a tavern to get a drink."

"Did he stay there?"

"I don't know. I didn't wait for him, but came on to Rockport alone."

"That's jest what ye did, sonny, ye came on to Rockport alone," said a foghorn voice behind them. "And blamed if I don't think it was a scurvy trick on yer part."

Jack started and turned around to find the leering, wicked eyes of Bill the Butcher fixed upon him in a rather menacing way.

## CHAPTER VI.—Drugged and Shanghaied.

For a moment Jack felt a bit discomfited at the encounter, then he blurted out:

"Well, what if I did come on alone? It didn't make any difference to you, did it, Mister Bill?"

The sailor regarded the runaway for a moment in silence, then he said:

"See here, sonny, ye are feelin' kind of gay, ain't yer, now that yer think yerself safe in Rockport?"

"No, I'm not feeling particularly gay, and I don't think I'm safe in Rockport—not a bit safer than you."

The sailor grinned sardonically.

"Ye think we're in the same boat, eh, sonny? That I'll be took up as well as yerself if the perlice get wind of our whereabouts? Mebbe so—mebbe so; but we ain't took yet, sonny. How came ye to drop in at Fagan's? It's where I was goin' to fetch yer—the snuggest berth in Rockport when the perlice is lookin' for yer."

"Is this place Fagan's, as you call it?"

"I reckon it ain't no other."

"I dropped in here to get my breakfast."

"I thought yer said yer was broke, sonny?" said the mariner, fixing Jack with his eye after a fashion that made him feel uncomfortable for a moment.

"So I was broke till I reached town, and then I picked up a \$10 bill."

"Picked it up, did ye? I ain't seen none of them things lyin' around myself. Since ye are flush ye kin pay for my breakfast. Fagan, ye old pirate, come here, and don't yer come without three fingers of gin. D'ye understand? Then ye kin bring me what ye've got on yer bill-of-fare. This young gent will pay the damage. He and

me is companions in misfortin, and ye've got to roost us both till ye kin find a coaster to take us to Bostin."

"Where have yez been, Bill, since ye was here last?" said the proprietor, setting a small glass of gin before the sailor who had pulled a chair up at the end of the table occupied by Jack and Arlington.

"Dont' ye be to inquisitive, Barney Fagan," replied the sailor with a solemn wink of his eye. "Jest ye fetch me somethin' to eat, and charge everythin' to this chap. He's flush, he says, so I reckon he kin stand for it."

"Stand it! Faith he kin. I changed a tin-dollar bill for him a few minutes ago, and he's got most of it in his pocket this minute."

Fagan having imparted this bit of information to the sailor, started for the kitchen.

"Here's forty-five cents for you, Mister Bill," said Jack, laying the change on the table "That'll pay for you breakfast and a couple of drinks. I and my friend here are going out for a walk."

"Goin' for a walk, eh? Ye only think yer are. The perlice are lookin' for you and me by this time, and if ye showed yer nose outside ye'd be pinched as sure as eggs is eggs."

"Oh, I dont' know. I'm willing to risk it."

"But I ain't, sonny, so sit down," and the brawny sailor grabbed Jack by the arm and forced him back into his chair.

There was a look in the sailor's eye that cowed Jack for the moment, and he did not resent Bill the Butcher's rough action. He looked at Arlington, and Arlington looked at him, but neither said anything. The mariner, having finished his gin, waited impatiently for his breakfast. He didn't have to wait long, for Fagan presently appeared with the same layout he had placed before Jack. Bill the Butcher set to with a keen appetite, answering such questions as he chose of those asked by the Irishman. Fagan learned enough to understand that the sailor had been in trouble and had got out of it in a measure, by the skin of his teeth.

"So yez want me to get yer a lift to Boston on a coaster?" said the proprietor, with a leery look.

"Me and this chap," replied Bill, slapping Jack on the back.

"What is the matter with taking my friend Arlington here along, too? He wants to go to Boston, and hasn't got the price," said Jack.

"I dunno as there's any objection if Fagan kin manage it."

The Irishman said nothing. He seemed to be considering the question; or was it something else he was thinking about—something that accounted for the wicked look that came over his face for a moment and then was gone? When he finally spoke he said he guessed he could fix things all right. There was a schooner lying at Munson's dock that was taking a cargo of shingles and special lumber to Boston. Fagan intimated that he had a pull with her skipper and he could secure passage for Bill and the boys, provided they were willing to work their way.

"Sure, we'll work our way," replied the sailor. "Ye know me, Barney Fagan, and as for the boys, I'll look arter them, never fear."

There was a malicious intonation to his voice that seemed to mask some purpose he had in view. Arlington noticed it, whether Jack did or not, and he didn't like it. He wanted to call

Jack's attention to the matter, but did not dare while they were in the villainous looking sailor's company.

"Now, my hearties," said Bill the Butcher, when he had cleaned up the provender, "I reckon a bit of a snooze won't do the three of us no harm. At any rate, sonny," to Jack, "you and me's been awake and trampin' all night, and it stands to reason we're fagged out. Fagan, we want yer to stow this chap and me away in one of your rooms so we kin take forty winks or so in peace and quiet. If the other youngster wants to turn in, too, why accommodate him, and this chap'll pay you what it costs. I reckon he's got more'n enough money to make everythin' all right with ye."

"Yez kin have a couple of rooms for twenty-five cents ach," replied the proprietor of the house with a leer, "but it's a noggin of whisky yez'll take wid me at me expinse before yez turn in for the day, to sale frindship as it were."

"Fetch on your liquor, my hearty, and we'll drink your health," said Bill the Butcher, who never refused an offer to "splice the mainbrace."

"You needn't bring me any, for I don't drink," replied Jack, as Fagan was turning away with a satisfied look on his face.

"Neither do I," spoke up Arlington also.

"Whot's that? Yez don't drink?" cried the proprietor, stopping short.

"That's what we said, isn't it?" replied Jack.

"Yez mane ye don't drink whisky, I s'pose?"

"I don't drink any kind of liquor," said Jack.

"Same here," added Arlington.

The proprietor scratched his chin and looked at them in a decidedly unfavorable way.

"Sure, whot kind of b'yz are yez, any way?" he said. "Mebbe yez'll take some koind of a soft drink—a sody or sars'parilla?"

"Well, if you insist on our drinking with you, you can bring me a soda," said Jack.

"Make it two," said Arlington.

The man glared at them and went over to the bar where he proceeded to get the drinks himself. He put a white powder in each of the glasses before he turned the whisky into one and the soda into the others.

After stirring them well with a spoon, he fetched the three glasses on a well-worn japaned tray. There was a fourth glass which contained a small quantity of whisky for himself.

"Here yez are," said Fagan, placing a glass before each, and keeping the fourth in his hand. "Drink hearty, and may yez live long and prosper."

Bill the Butcher required no second invitation, but drained his at a gulp. The boys drank theirs more slowly, the proprietor watching them out of the corner of his eye.

"Now, if yez'll foller me, I'll take ye to yer rooms."

Arlington declared he didn't feel sleepy, but would go with Jack to his room and after he fell asleep, he'd take a stroll around town and be back in time for dinner. Bill wouldn't go to his room until he saw Jack and Arlington in theirs, when he softly turned the key on them, after winking at Fagan, and then entered the room opposite where he turned in on the bed with his clothes on, and in five minutes was snoring away like a pig.

Jack and Arlington started to continue their

conversation, but inside of five minutes the former declared that he couldn't keep his eyes open any longer.

"Here's a dollar, Arlington," said Jack, "take it and enjoy yourself about the town while I'm sleeping off my last night's walk. Come back about five o'clock and wake me up."

"All right, but I really don't need a whole dollar. A quarter for my lunch is all I'm likely to spend," replied Arlington.

"Well, that's the smallest thing in the money line I've got," yawned Jack, throwing off his vest and jacket, and kicking off his shoes.

"So long, then, till I see you again," said Arlington, getting up and walking to the door.

Arlington turned the knob and was surprised to find the door fast. He made a vigorous effort to open it and finally gave the matter up, convinced that he and Jack had been locked in. He went to the window, which overlooked the alley, and found that both sashes were nailed so that they could not be moved, the upper one being down a couple of inches to admit the air.

"I don't like the looks of this," he muttered, sitting on a chair to consider the situation. "I wonder why we were locked in? To prevent us from leaving the room, I suppose. Not much danger of Estabrook wanting to leave it for several hours, for he's so dead beat that he isn't likely to wake up much before dark. I don't want to hang around in here all day doing nothing. I'll pound the door and see if—hello, I seem to be feeling kind of sleepy myself all at once. The room must be plaguey close. Gee! I don't know—why I should—feel so dopy. I slept well last—night, and—and I never—never—nev——"

He stared at the window with eyes that had become as dull as a dead fish's. He made an unsuccessful attempt to get up, then his head dropped forward as if his neck had suddenly given way, his body tilted over toward the table beside which he was seated, and in another moment with his head pillowed on one outstretched arm, he was sound as a bell under the influence of the drug which the treacherous Fagan had administered to them.

Late in the afternoon an express wagon backed up into the alley and stopped in front of Fagan's door. The proprietor and a rough looking sailor sprang out of it and entered the house. In a few minutes they reappeared bearing the unconscious form of Bill the Butcher. He was loaded into the wagon, and a blanket thrown over him.

The men went back and brought out Arlington and Jack Estabrook in turn. They were laid beside the sailor and covered up. Fagan and the strange seaman got into the wagon again, and it was driven out of the alley and then headed for a certain dock where a weather-beaten bark lay with her sails partly shaken out as if about to leave her moorings as soon as a tug came alongside to take her across the bar.

## CHAPTER VII.—En Route for Callao.

Several hours later Jack Estabrook woke up and found himself in a new and strange situation, namely, the forecastle of an outward-bound bark. His ideas at first were very much con-

fused, while his head pained him and he felt sick at the stomach, the after effects of the drug.

He sat up with his legs dangling over a rough bunk, fully persuaded that he was dreaming. While he was in this condition, Clif Arlington came to his senses and sat up in the bunk where he had been dumped when the men brought him aboard. His feelings were on a par with Jack's.

His last ideas, like his friend's, were associated with the little room on the second floor of Barney Fagan's lodging-house, and when he woke up and found himself somewhere else, he couldn't understand the matter at all. It was about nine o'clock, and the watch that went off duty at eight o'clock, were sleeping in their bunks.

"Is that you, Jack?" asked Clif.

"Is it? I rather guess it is; but where in thunder have we got to?"

"Blessed if I know. I thought I was dreaming till I saw you."

"I wouldn't swear but we're dreaming as it is. Seems as if we're aboard a ship. I'll take my oath I didn't come aboard any ship."

"So will I."

"Then how comes it we're aboard of one?"

"I'll never tell you."

"The last thing I remember is going to sleep in a small room at Fagan's lodging-house, and you were starting out to explore the town."

"The last thing I remember is finding the door and window of the room fast so I couldn't get out, and then——"

"Well?"

"That's all. I must have gone to sleep like you for the next I remember is finding myself here."

"There's something very queer about the matter."

"I should say there is."

"Looks as if something has been done to us."

"Gee! Maybe we've been——"

At that juncture a burley form sat up in the bunk next to Jack's, rubbed his eyes and looked around. Both boys looked at him, and in the meager light of the slush-lamp they recognized Bill the Butcher. They waited for him to speak, which he did as soon as he saw the boys.

"Hello, my hearties, so we're aboard ship on our way to Bostin, eh?"

"We're aboard a ship all right," replied Jack, "but whether we're on our way to Boston, or somewhere else, I couldn't tell you."

"Why, don't ye know?" asked the sailor, in surprise.

"No, I don't."

"Ye two came aboard with Fagan, and I reckon I was fetched. He promised to fix it with the skipper of some schooner, I kin gamble on that. It's a square-rigger, mebbe a bark or a brig. Fagan told yer ye were bound for Bostin, didn't he?"

"No, he didn't. We didn't come aboard with Fagan."

"Ye didn't come aboard with Fagan? Then he sent ye aboard with somebody belongin' to this craft."

"If he did, we don't know it. All we know is that we found ourselves here just as you see us."

"Ye did?"

"We did. We haven't the least idea how we got

here. We were put aboard while we were asleep."

The sailor looked at them with an incredulous stare as if he thought they were giving him a game of bluff. At that moment one of the watch on deck came down the short ladder that communicated with the forecastle. Bill hailed him right away.

"I say, my hearty, what craft is this, and where are we bound?"

"This is the bark Starlight, Josiah Strong, master, bound from Rockport to Callao."

"Callao!" ejaculated Bill. "Ye don't mean it, do ye?"

"I don't mean anythin' else, shipmate," replied the sailor, with a short laugh. "I s'pose you chaps have just woke up?"

"I reckon I have. I dunno about these boys. Barney Fagan promised to put us aboard a schooner bound for Bostin."

"Barney Fagan fooled you like he's fooled lots of others. The three of you have been shanghaied aboard this craft, which means you were doped beforehand so you wouldn't know nothin' about it till you were in blue water, which you are at this moment."

"Shanghaied!" roared Bill the Butcher, springing off his bunk with a string of imprecations. "Me shanghaied, and by Barney Fagan!"

For a full minute he swore like a trooper, while Jack and Clif stared at each other, aghast at the terrible revelation. They were at sea against their wills, and with no more idea of what they were up against than a pair of babies. When Bill had exhausted his store of invectives against Fagan for the time being, he turned to the boys and said:

"Well, my hearties, there ain't no use of cuttin' up rough over this thing. Fagan, the rascal, has done us, and we've got to put up with it. We'll have to turn to and do our duty, which means that ye two'll have to learn the ropes, or take the consequences. I know what them consequences is, and haven't no mind to run ag'in 'em. Ye two'll learn what they are if ye don't mind yer P's and Q's, buckle right down to work, and do what yer told. My advice to ye is to take things as yer find 'em, say nothin' and saw wood. Ain't I right, shipmate?" he added, turning to the other seaman.

"I reckon you know what you're talkin' about."

"I oughter, shipmate, seein' as I've sailed the briny these thirty years or more afore the mast, with all kinds of skippers, and some of them were tough characters, ye kin take yer oath on it. By the way, did ye say this hooker was bound for Callao?"

"I did."

The sailor looked his satisfaction.

"Then I forgive Barney Fagan for the trick he played me, for that's the very place I want to go to. And ye may thank yer stars, too, my hearties," looking at Jack and Clif, "for if yer stick to me I'll make yer fortins for ye. Now I reckon I'll turn in for another forty winks, seein' I don't belong to no watch yet, and I advise you two chaps to do the same while the chance is yours, for to-morrow ye'll have to sign the ship's articles and stand yer spell with the rest of the crew."

Thus speaking, Bill the Butcher turned in and went to sleep with the utmost unconcern, just as

though no such an unpleasant experience as being shanghaied had fallen to his lot.

Jack and Clif, however, did not feel in the least like following his example. They began to question the other seaman as to what would be expected of them, seeing that they had been brought aboard without their knowledge, and had no experience to fall back on. They were informed that the skipper would consider them shipped just as if they had voluntarily signed the articles, knowing what they were doing.

"You'll be rated as greenhorns, and will have to learn the ropes. Under them circumstances I reckon you won't get no wages this trip. If you behave yourselves and turn to with a will, you'll be treated as well as the rest of us, which ain't sayin' but you'll find it hard enough at that. But if you make a fuss, and give the mates any trouble, they'll lead you such a life that you'll be glad to jump overboard before you get to Callao. So I advise you to follow what the big feller told you, for he's been through the mill, and what he said is the truth. The officers of this bark ain't the worst goin', so if you do the right thing there ain't no reason why you shouldn't have fair sailin'. There, now you know as much as I can tell you. In the mornin' you'll learn just how you stand."

"What do you think about it, Clif?" asked Jack, when he had gone.

"I think we've got a rough deal."

"There isn't any doubt about that. I suppose we'll have to make the best of it, for we're out at sea and can't run away."

"I never thought I'd ever get to sea as a common sailor."

"Neither did I. However, we can quit the vessel at Callao, and get the American Consul to send us home."

"If he'll do it."

"I guess he will when we state our case. At any rate, he ought to."

They talked their situation over for an hour, and having come to the sensible conclusion to make the best of a bad job, they rolled over in their bunks, just as they were, and soon fell asleep.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Planning to Desert.

We will not go into the particulars of what happened to Jack and Clif during their trip from Rockport to Callao, in Peru, via Cape Horn, on the bark Starlight. It is enough to say that, though a long voyage was ahead of them, they accepted their fate with philosophical resignation and did their best to fall into the routine of work expected of them. The result was they were fairly well treated, though they found their lot far from being a bed of roses. The worst came at the start, when they found their fingers all thumbs, as the saying is. They also suffered from seasickness the moment rough weather struck the bark. Their willingness and good nature carried them through all their difficulties, and they had become fair ordinary seamen by the time the coast of Peru was sighted one morning at sunrise.

Jack was in the chief mate's watch, and Clif in the second mate's. The former had been on duty from midnight to four in the morning and was

in his bunk asleep when land was announced ahead. He turned up on deck about seven and the first thing he noticed, as he stood on the raised fore-castle deck, was the distant blue line which the sailor, who had followed him up, told him was the coast of South America. This was good news to Jack, as it was to Clif, and we may add, also, to Bill the Butcher. The boys hailed the approach to port as a token of their near release from a seafaring life, of which they were heartily tired, notwithstanding the proficiency in seamanship which they had acquired. Bill the Butcher hailed the distant coast with satisfaction for other reasons.

"Well, my hearties," said Bill, as he joined the boys after breakfast, when they stood by the star-board bulwark well forward gazing at the land, now plain to be made out in the near distance, "yonder is the harbor of Callao."

"Is it?" replied Jack. "I don't see any town as yet."

"That's because that big island yonder, San Lorenzo it is called, shuts it out from sight. Ye'll see the town presently, sonny, when we get closer in."

"I believe that Lima, the capital of Peru, isn't far away inland," said Jack, recalling what he had learned about South America at the country school.

"It ain't more'n six miles. There's a railway runnin' from Callao straight to it."

"I read in my school geography that the original city of Callao was destroyed by an earthquake about 150 years ago," chipped in Clif.

"I dunno as I ever heard anythin' about it, and I've been here half a dozen times," replied Bill. "Ye may be right, sonny, for earthquakes have done up a lot of these here South American towns."

"Did you ever feel an earthquake, Bill?" asked Jack.

"Did I? I wish I had a dollar for every one I've been through. I got so used to earthquakes that I didn't mind 'em no more'n nothin' at all."

"I've heard that the sensation is a terrible one while it lasts," said Clif.

"It is, to one who ain't used to 'em; but I don't mind 'em for a cent."

The boys wondered if Bill the Butcher was telling the truth, or just blowing off steam, as he had a habit of doing. What they had read about earthquakes didn't seem to jibe well with the big sailor's words. The inhabitants of the earthquake belt in South America, according to all credible statements, lived in constant terror of earth upheavals. Either Bill lied or he had a nerve far above that of the inhabitants of the country, was the way the boys figured the matter out. After awhile the bark entered the roadstead, which is large and free from rocks, and is sheltered by the island of San Lorenzo. The vessel came to anchor some distance off shore, and after dinner the captain ordered a boat to be lowered and, with a couple of the crew to row, started for the big quay in the harbor. Next day the bark was towed up to the quay, moored alongside of it and preparations were got under way for discharging the cargo. Strange to say that Bill the Butcher, after his remark on the night he and the boys discovered they had been shanghaied aboard the bark, when he had said he would make the boys' fortunes if they stuck by him after

reaching Callao, never breathed another word on the subject during the voyage. Jack had long since forgotten all about his yarn concerning the hidden treasure of the Incas. He believed it to be all moonshine. One of those nonsensical yarns that sailors take a pleasure in spinning just to hear themselves talk.

It was in the first dog watch, between five and six o'clock on the afternoon that the bark hauled in and was made fast to the quay, that Jack and Clif were hanging over the vessel's bulwark gazing at the houses that composed the town. Clif was on duty and Jack would go on at six o'clock when the second dog watch began. Day and night on shipboard are divided into watches of four hours each, except the period from 4 to 8 p. m., which is divided into two dog watches of two hours' duration each. The object of the dog watches is to prevent the same men from being always on duty at the same hours. The boys, who had anticipated no difficulty in severing their connection with the bark as soon as she arrived in port, had just learned that they would not be allowed to leave the vessel until she eventually returned to the United States, as they had signed the papers which called for the round trip. They were told that they would not be allowed shore leave while in Callo, and that they would be watched in order to prevent them from giving the vessel the slip.

"What in thunder are we going to do, Jack?" asked Clif, in a tone of disgust. "I don't want to go any further in this blamed vessel. I heard that she's going to Sydney, Australia, after leaving this port."

"That's k'rect, my hearty," said a foghorn voice behind them which the boys recognized as belonging to Bill the Butcher; "she goin' to Sydney as sure as eggs is eggs. Jest the same, there ain't no reason why we should go in her."

"How can we help ourselves?" cried Clif. "We're not to be allowed to go ashore, and we're to be watched besides."

"How are we to manage it?" asked Jack. "We're ready to take some chances in order to get away."

"Ye kin get away to-night."

"I'd like to know how we're going to do it if we are to be watched."

"Well, yer see, I've been app'inted by the chief mate to watch yer to-night. Now that we're 'long-side the quay there won't be no regular watch kept like at sea till the hooker sails ag'in. Only one man will keep the deck between eight and twelve, another between twelve and four, and a third till the crew it called to wash down the deck in the mornin', see?"

"Well?" said Jack.

"I'm to stand watch from eight till twelve to-night, with orders to see that nobody gets ashore. At six bells, when everythin' is quiet, ye two must come on deck ready to slip yer cables for the town. If ye ain't up I'll go down and rouse yer up, but I'd rather yer would 'tend to the matter yerselves. As soon as ye jine me we'll jest step ashore together and take French leave. I'll pilot ye to a place where we kin lie safe till the bark sails away. What d'ye think of that, my hearties?" concluded the hard looking sailor with one of his ugly grins

"I think it's fine," replied Jack enthusiastically, and Clif agreed with him.

## CHAPTER IX.—Escape From The Bark.

After Bill walked away the boys talked over the plan arranged for their escape in low tones, keeping a wary eye around lest some listener might overhear what they were saying.

"The skipper will be as mad as a hornet when he learns that we have got away, and Big Bill gone with us. I dare say he'll get the authorities of the town to search for us."

"What do we care? Bill says we'll be perfectly safe in the place he's going to take us to," replied Clif.

"I hope he will, for the skipper would be sure to make it hot for us if he got us back on board."

"After the bark has gone we can ship aboard some vessel going to San Francisco. Any port in the United States is good enough for us. We're good enough sailors now to draw wages, which we'd never get from the cap'n of the Starlight, so when we land in San Francisco we'll have a few dollars to fall back on till we get something to do ashore instead of being flat broke at the end of the voyage if we were obliged to remain by the bark."

After supper Jack went on duty with the chief mate's watch, but as there was nothing to do, the watch was only a matter of form. The chief mate wasn't on deck, while the captain was ashore dining at the house of the consignee. Clif remained on deck in company with his friend, and they purposely avoided any reference to their anticipated escape for fear the cat might get out of the bag. At eight bells, or eight o'clock, when Bill the Butcher came on duty as the solitary watcher for the next four hours, the boys followed the rest of the crew into the forecabin and made a bluff of turning in with them. There was little danger of them going to sleep during the three hours they had to wait until six bells struck, for they were too much excited at the prospect of getting away from the vessel to close their eyes. It was a wearisome wait in the hot, close forecabin, but the boys had to stand it as patiently as they could. The rest of the crew, with the exception of Bill the Butcher, who was on deck, snored away like men trying to make up lost time. The hours passed away on leaden wings, but six bells were struck at last. As the last note died away on the night air Jack and Clif, with one accord, sat up in their bunks, slipped on their jackets and shoes and stood up in the center of the forecabin.

"All ready?" whispered Jack.

"Yes," replied Clif.

"Then come on."

They mounted the ladder to the roof of the "sailor's parlor," descended another short ladder to the main deck, and glided over to the mainmast. Here they found Bill waiting for them.

"Now, my hearties, slip over the side onto the quay. I'll foller yer in half a minute."

"Come along, Clif, follow me," said Jack, leading the way to the bulwark that faced the quay.

A short, flexible ladder of rope with wooden spokes, hung down the vessel's side to a point close to the quay. This had been placed there for the

captain's use, and the sailor on watch was expected to see that no one else used it, either to come aboard or leave the bark. The captain, not having come aboard yet, Big Bill had an idea that he intended to remain on shore all night at the consignee's house. It happened, however, that as Bill struck the sixbells forward the skipper was coming toward the vessel. He reached the bark, and started to ascend the rope ladder just as Jack sprang on the bulwark. The boy in his hurry to reach the quay, did not notice that the skipper was below him and slid down the ladder with a rush that made a collision between them unavoidable.

The shock of the contact caused the captain to lose his hold on the ladder and he tumbled back on the quay, narrowly missing going through the space between the vessel and the dock. Jack fell on top of him and then rolled a yard away. The skipper, who was somewhat intoxicated, uttered a loud roar and a volley of imprecations as he struggled to pick himself up. Clif, following Jack without delay, bumped into the captain as he was getting up and sent him down again. The unexpected racket brought Bill to the bulwark in a hurry. It also brought the chief mate out on deck in light apparel.

"What's all this rumpus about?" asked the mate, sharply.

"That's what I'm tryin' to find out," replied Bill.

"Ahoy! Aboard the bark!" roared the captain.

"It's Captain Strong," ejaculated the mate. "Get on to the quay and see what the trouble is."

He sprang to the bulwark himself and the moment he looked over the side, he saw the forms of the two boys hurrying away with the captain in full chase after them and making night hideous with his imprecations and calls for them to stop.

"It's those two young lubbers trying to give us the slip," cried the mate. "After them, Bill, and fetch them back."

Jack and Clif were badly rattled by their unexpected encounter with the captain of the ship, and after pausing in an undecided manner close to the bark, turned and hurried off across the quay with the skipper in pursuit. Captain Strong was not so much under the influence of liquor but he was fully alive to the situation after he had recovered his feet. He could run some when his anger was up, and the boys soon found that they would have to put on steam to elude him. The fact that the night was luminous with stars made it more difficult for the runaways to shake off the skipper off. Then again, they were entirely unfamiliar with their surroundings and had to shape their course at random.

"We mustn't get separated, Jack," puffed Clif, when they came to the end of the quay and saw the houses of a long street before them.

"Sure not," replied Jack, who, being the swifter runner of the two, was a few feet ahead. "You keep your eyes on me and follow in whatever direction I take."

"I'm afraid we're bound to be caught by tomorrow at any rate, for Bill isn't with us to pilot us to the place he was going to take us to."

"Don't worry about what may happen. Just save your breath, for it is possible you may need it yet, though we have distanced the skipper," returned Jack.

"I guess we've shook them," said Clif at length. "I think we can afford to take things easy. I'm about played out anyway."

Jack guessed they were fairly safe by that time, and so they reduced their speed to an ordinary walk.

"Now the question is, where are we going to hide until the bark sails?" said Clif.

"Give it up. It was fierce that the skipper turned up at the critical moment of our escape, and thus not only complicated matters, but prevented Bill from joining us. The town will be searched for us by the authorities, I suppose, so we can't stay here and hope to avoid capture. The only safe thing for us to do will be to keep right on into the outskirts. In fact, the further we get away the better."

"Lima is only six miles away," replied Clif. "I move we go on there. We can walk the ties of the railroad. It oughtn't to take us more than a couple of hours to get there."

"All right. I'm willing; though whether we'll be any safer there than here is a question. You see, being foreigners and sailors to boot, we are bound to attract notice, and our presence in the city might be reported back here. In that case, we'd stand a good chance of being nabbed."

"Well, we've got to make the best of a bad situation."

The boys kept on their way till they came in sight of the railway. Then they took to the roadway with their faces in the direction of Lima. A smart walk of two hours brought them in sight of the capital of the country. It was two o'clock in the morning when they entered the place which, owing to its magnificent public buildings, is entitled to rank as the handsomest city in South America. The boys avoided the chief streets, and gradually worked their way around to the suburbs, finally entering one of the ten surrounding villages that practically form a part of the city, the same as the outlying sections of Greater New York, constitute a part of the metropolis. Three o'clock announced by a convent bell in the neighborhood found the boys about played out after their exertions.

"I'd give a whole lot, if I had it, for a chance to turn in and have a good sleep till daylight," said Clif.

"You can have your wish, I guess, for yonder is a cart that looks as if it was full of hay. We'll take possession of it for the rest of the night without the necessity of asking the owner's permission," said Jack.

The boys climbed into the cart and, with a feeling of great satisfaction, nestled down into the straw.

"I say, this is all right," chuckled Clif. "It makes a better bed than our fo'k's'l bunks. I'll sleep like a top, for I'm dead tired out."

## CHAPTER X.—An Exciting Encounter.

The road out of the suburb of Lima taken by the cart was not a particularly smooth one, for it had not been as yet macadamized. The jolting of the cart as it pursued its way at a quick pace rather increased than disturbed the sleep of the two boys. Although the vehicle experienced some rude shocks from time to time, it only had the

effect of making the sleepers fancy in their dreams that they were in the bark, tossing about in a heavy sea. Daylight came and still the cart rattled on. The driver sat smoking on his perch in front and never thought of looking into the wagon which he naturally supposed was empty of everything but the straw in which the barrels of wine had rested during their transit to Lima. The sun came up and shone into the cart. Probably the warmth made the tired boys feel so comfortable that their repose became even deeper. At any rate, they did not wake up to the fact that they were getting a free ride into the country behind Lima and up into the mountain range. The driver lost no time along his route, for he was anxious to get back to his destination, and whenever his nag showed signs of easing up his brisk pace, he whipped him up and made him understand that there was no rest for him till he got to his journey's end.

"Here, I say, none of that, Jack," he expostulated.

"None of what? I don't understand you," replied Jack.

"None of your practicing on my nose. My face isn't a punching bag."

"Who said it was?" asked Jack, in surprise.

"You must have thought it was from the way you punched me in my nose."

"Did I punch you, old man? Sorry; it was an accident."

"All right. We'll let it go at that."

The sides of the cart were so high round the boys that they could not see above it, consequently they did not for the moment observe the change which had, without their knowledge, taken place in their surroundings. When they got into the cart they had seen houses all around them, growing more numerous toward Lima proper. The ground for miles around was comparatively level, or at least appeared so to them under the starlit sky. Now they were up in the mountain range, hundreds of feet above sea level. The mountains rose height on height in all directions but that in which they faced, which was toward Lima. Only the rambling mansion we have referred to, with its outbuildings, was to be seen in the neighborhood. It was surrounded by cultivated fields, vineyards and orchards. The change from a populous city to the wild and rural country side was so complete that when Jack stood up to take a look around, he was fairly staggered. It was just as if at the wave of a fairy's wand he and his companion with the cart had been instantaneously transported from one part of the world to another.

"Great jawbones!" he gasped. "What's happened to us?"

"What's the matter?" asked Clif, astonished at the consternation shown by his companion.

"Get up and look. When we went to bed in this cart we were surrounded by houses. We were, in fact, on the outskirts of Lima, and now—where the dickens are we?"

Clif was equally amazed when he looked around.

"Gee! We're up in the mountains, with Lima nowhere to be seen," he said.

"I understand it all," said Jack suddenly. "While we slept the man to whom the cart belonged, hitched up his horse and drove out here. He probably didn't notice that we were in the vehicle, or if he did, thought he'd play a fine

trick on us for taking possession of his cart without his permission."

"I guess he's done us a favor instead of playing us a trick," chuckled Clif. "He has transported us into the interior where we are sure to escape all efforts on the part of the skipper of the bark to get hold of us."

"That's right. We can't be such a great way from Lima—maybe fifteen or twenty miles. We'll stay right here for a week, if we can arrange matters with the owner of that house yonder, and by that time the bark will have sailed for Sydney, and then we'll be safe. I wonder if Bill is aboard the vessel yet, or followed us later on, thinking to overtake us somewhere in the streets of Callao? I'm just as well pleased to be rid of him, for I never did fancy the rascal."

"Neither did I. I'll bet he's got a bad record if we could learn the truth about him. His name is enough to condemn him—Bill the Butcher, as he insists on being called, as if he gloried in deeds of blood committed by him. Then his face is in keeping with his name. I never saw a worse eye in any man's head."

"Never mind Bill; we have something more important to think about, and that is breakfast. I feel mighty hungry. Come, get out of the cart, and let us go over to the house and see if we can beg something to eat."

"The house, with all these cultivated fields, looks as if it belonged to a person of some consequence. I hope he won't consider us a pair of tramps and fire us off his property."

"It's one of the chances we're up against. We're strangers in a strange land, and if we're handled without gloves by the inhabitants, I don't see what we can do."

"Well, I'll let you do the talking, as I guess you've got more nerve than I have," said Clif. "Proceed, and I'll follow."

They crossed the yard without seeing a human being, and were close to the back entrance of the mansion when suddenly a woman's shriek rang out on the morning air with startling suddenness.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Jack, coming to a stop. "A woman screaming! That means there is something out of the usual in the wind. Come along, Clif," and away dashed Jack toward the front of the building, whence the cries proceeded, followed by his companion.

As they advanced the screams redoubled.

They entered a kind of portico, burst into a large apartment on the ground floor whence the screams issued, and found a fine looking, white-haired old man struggling with a desperate looking, man of forty, who had a long, glittering knife in his hand which he was trying to plunge into the elder man's breast, but was prevented by the hold that a beautiful young girl had on his arm.

She was fast succumbing under the ordeal, and was screaming to bring help.

Jack, without wasting time to inquire into the merits of the case, dashed forward, grabbed the hand that held the weapon and wrested the knife from his grasp.

The girl uttered a plaintive cry and fainted, Jack catching her in his arms as she fell.

The fellow who had tried to carve up the old gentleman with his knife uttered a snarl of baffled fury and turned savagely on Jack.

Clif seized him by one of his arms and pulled

him back. Thereupon he swung around on that lad and hissed out a sentence in Spanish.

Its import was wasted on Cliff, for the boy didn't know a word of the language.

"Why don't you talk United States?" replied Cliff.

"Ha! You are Americano?" he gritted.

"Bet your life I'm an American. Why in thunder were you trying to knife that old man, you cowardly ruffian?"

"Bah! I fix you, Senior Gringo," he cried, turning to Jack, and making a snatch at the handle of his knife.

"Not much, you rascal," cried Jack, stepping back, for encumbered by the dead weight of the girl he felt he was at a disadvantage.

The old gentleman, with a look of gratitude on his face hastened to relieve him of his lovely burden.

"Se lo agradezco a usted, senor," he said in Spanish, meaning "I thank you, sir."

Jack didn't understand him, nor did he pay much attention to him, as he had the wicked rascal to head off.

That individual seemed to be debating whether to attack the young sailor or not.

Had Jack been alone he probably would not have hesitated an instant, but Cliff showed such a bold front, too, that the ruffian had some doubts as to the result of a belligerent act on his part.

He glared at Jack and Cliff alternately, and then, hissing out something in Spanish at the old gentleman, he abruptly left the room and the house, and the boys saw him striding off down the carriageway toward the mountain road.

## CHAPTER XI.—Senorita Estella Cervantes.

With the departure of the gory-minded individual matters quieted down in the room, and a couple of maids, who had evidently been too terrified to answer the young senorita's calls for help, now appeared, and at the command of the old gentleman, who appeared to be her father, took charge of the unconscious girl and carried her out of the room between them.

The old man now turned to the boys.

Walking up to Jack, he held out his hand and addressed something to him in Spanish.

Jack took his hand, but shook his head and said he didn't understand a word he said.

"Ah, un Americano!" replied the old gentleman with a smile. "You do not understand Spanish?"

"I understand and speak the English a little," said the old gentleman, with another smile. "My daughter, Senorita Estella, she speaks English perfect. She spent two years at school in New Orleans. She shall talk to you by and by when she has recovered from her fright. In the meantime let me know to whom I am so greatly obliged. You saved my life, young senor, and I am deeply grateful to you."

"My name is Jack Estabrook, senor, and this is my friend, Cliff Arlington. We came from the State of Maine, in the United States. We were carried off aboard a bark bound for Callao against our wills, and compelled to become sailors. We ran away from the vessel last night, walked to Lima, and finding a cart full of straw near a

public house that was closed, we went to sleep in it. When we woke up a short time ago, we were surprised to find that we had been carried out here into the mountains. You are welcome, senor, to the service we rendered you, and all we ask in return is food and shelter for a few days, if you will grant it to us."

"You are welcome to the hospitality of my house, senor, you and your friend. You shall both be my guests as long as you will do me the honor to stay. Let me introduce myself. My name is Don Luis Cervantes. I am by birth a Castilian. This is my hacienda, and I own much property around about," said the old gentleman, with a sweep of his arm, as if to indicate that his possessions in the neighborhood were quite extensive. "The rascal, whose knife you hold in your hand, and who but for your interference, would have carried out his oft-repeated threat to kill me, is Pedro Gonzalez, for many years my overseer. But pardon me, I have not asked if you had breakfasted."

"No, senor, we have eaten nothing since about five o'clock yesterday," replied Jack.

"You shall be served with a light repast at once, and an hour or two later you shall dine with me and my daughter."

That was quite satisfactory to Jack and Cliff, and they heartily thanked the senor.

"No thanks, senor; the obligation is all on my side," replied Don Luis. "Now you will permit me to show you to the rooms I place at your disposal as long as you wish to stay."

He led the way to the second story and introduced them to a large square apartment, with two bed rooms opening off of it.

"The senors will wish to change their garments while I give orders for the repast."

He opened a roomy closet and showed them several suits of clothes, cut in the fashion of the country, which belonged, he said, to his son, who was absent at present in Spain.

"Make use of anything you see here, senors," he said. "Everything is at your disposal. I will return presently and conduct you below."

With those words Don Luis withdrew leaving the boys together.

"Shake, Cliff," said Jack, with an expressive grin. "It looks as if we've landed on a good thing with both feet."

"Bet your life it does. We've struck a soft snap by saving that old senor's life. His daughter is a mighty pretty girl, don't you think?"

"She's the finest looking girl I think I ever saw," replied Jack, enthusiastically. "Did you notice her eyes? She gave me just one look before she fainted and it almost took my breath away."

"She's a peach all right; but I guess it wouldn't do us any good to fall in love with her. She's Spanish to the backbone, and the daughter of a wealthy Don, while we're only a pair of poor American sailor boys. If we were the sons of bloated trust magnates, touring the country for pleasure, we might stand some show with this fair senorita; but as things are, we're not in it even a little bit."

"Well, never mind the senorita now. We'll meet her at dinner, and then we'll get a better look at her. Let's take advantage of her father's permission to get into a couple of suits of these duds. I

hope they'll fit us, for I wouldn't like to look like a guy when I present myself before the fair young lady of the house."

They each selected the suit that most struck their fancy and arrayed themselves in it.

To their great satisfaction, the clothes fitted them as if they had been cut to their measure.

"I guess we must be the same general build, Clif," said Jack. "All these suits were made for the Don's son, and since they fit us as well as they probably fitted him, the three of us have about the same figure. That's fortunate, as far as we are concerned. We look a whole lot better in these clothes than in our rough sea togs. Now after we've had a wash, and spruced up a bit, I guess we needn't be ashamed of our personal appearance."

"I should say not. I feel like a dude in this get-up. Get on to this waist sash. It's pure silk. Isn't it a pippin? It's loud enough to be heard from here to Lima."

"It isn't any louder than this one I've got on," laughed Jack. "I tell you these clothes are away over anything in America for style and finish, though if we were to show ourselves in Boston, San Francisco, or any other home city, dressed as we are now, everybody would turn around and look at us."

"I'll bet they would. I wouldn't have the nerve to wear them in the United States, but they're the cheese down here in Peru all right."

"They're intended for a warm climate. Well, I hear the senor coming back. I hope the light repast, as he called it, is ready, for I'm hungry as the dickens."

"I hope the repast isn't too light, for I'm decidedly empty around the waist line."

"Don't worry about that. He said dinner would be ready in a couple of hours. We can manage to worry along till then with a few preliminary bites."

Senor Luis entered the room and surveyed their improved appearance with an approving eye.

"My daughter is now quite recovered and is anxious to meet you," he said. "After you have eaten I will present you to her."

They followed him downstairs to a large, airy apartment on the ground floor where they found the end of a table spread with dishes containing cold meat, bread, and several kinds of fruit.

For drink a fancy looking jug of milk had been provided beside the boys' plates.

The senor invited them to be seated and to proceed without any ceremony.

When they got through they felt they could have eaten a great deal more, but as dinner was in the near future, they judged they had enough for the present.

Their host then conducted them to an open court in the center of the mansion.

Every room in the house overlooked this square space, which was set off with ornamental shrubs and shaded by trees.

A handsome marble fountain stood in the middle of the court, sending skyward a strong jet of water that fell in four miniature cascades from a small basin near the top to a wide basin below.

The sunshine, striking this falling water, gave it all the prismatic hues of the rainbow.

Seated under one of the trees, attired in her

most fetching gown, was the daughter of the house—Senorita Estella.

She greeted them with a smile of welcome, but her gaze rested particularly on Jack's manly, sun-browned face.

She recognized him as the one who had snatched the knife from the hand of Pedro Gonzalez at the critical moment when her strength was slipping away from her and her father's life hung on a thread.

She made a place for him on the seat beside her, and the boy took it with alacrity, while Clif had to content himself with a rustic chair opposite.

Her father, when introducing the boys, stated that they were Americans and did not understand Spanish.

"I guess we'll get along without any trouble," she said in excellent English, flashing one of her irresistible side-long glances at Jack.

"Sure thing," laughed Jack, and Clif echoed the same sentiment.

"I suppose you are curious to learn the meaning of a scene which your presence alone prevented from becoming a tragedy," said the senorita, glancing at Jack.

"Oh, we don't wish to pry into the matter if there is any reason on your part for keeping it a secret," he replied.

"There is no reason for concealment," she said. "I can tell you in a few words, and it is quite proper you should be made acquainted with the particulars."

Thereupon she told them that Pedro Gonzalez, who had been the overseer of the plantation for many years, had had the assurance to fall in love with her immediately after her return from New Orleans, a month previous. He had pestered her with his attentions and finally asked her to marry him. She said she had dismissed him with a curt refusal, whereupon he sought her father and asked his permission to follow up his suit.

"My father was both surprised and displeased at the words of Gonzalez," she went on, "and plainly told him that an alliance with me was quite impossible. He refused to accept that decision as final, and conducted himself in such a way that my father was compelled to discharge him from his service. He left the plantation vowing to be revenged. He sent my father several letters telling him that unless he agreed to look with favor on his suit he would kill him. This morning he came here in person, and after a heated interview with my father, tried to carry his threats into effect. I heard my father call for help and rushed to his assistance, but I could not have saved him alone. When I realized my helplessness I screamed for aid, but it happened the male servants were out of hearing at the time, and so to you, Senor Jack, my father owes his life, and both of us are deeply grateful to you," she concluded, giving the young runaway a look that made his heart beat several degrees quicker.

The two hours that intervened before dinner was announced passed quickly to the boys in the society of the charming senorita. When the female servant came to tell them that the meal was waiting, Jack gallantly offered his arm to the girl and escorted her to the table, Clif accompanying them by the side of his friend.

## CHAPTER XII.—At the Site of the Treasure.

Jack and Clif never had a better time in their life than they enjoyed during the week that followed. They had both made themselves popular with Don Luis, who liked the society of young people. As for the senorita, it soon developed that she had eyes only for Jack and Clif was not a little jealous of his friend in consequence.

"How can I help it?" protested Jack, when his companion was making a kick about the matter.

"You don't want to help it," growled Clif. "You're dead gone on her. Anybody can see that with a half an eye. It's my opinion though, that she's just flirting with you because you're an easy mark."

"Oh, I don't know," retorted Jack, with a frown.

It hurt his self-esteem to be told that the Spanish beauty was merely playing with his feelings.

"I don't suppose you do know. You're so wrapped up in her that you couldn't feel an earthquake unless somebody called your attention to it."

"Oh, come off. Don't get so funny."

"Well, it's a fact. She's got you wound up good and hard. First thing you know you'll be asking her to marry you and then——"

"And then what?"

"She'll give you the grand laugh, like she did to that Gonzalez. All pretty girls are alike, whether they're American, Spanish, French, Dutch, or any other nationality. They like to make monkeys of the men."

"Oh, I guess there are some exceptions."

"Ha, ha, ha! I s'pose you think the senorita is one of the exceptions. Well, keep on thinking so. We can't stay here much longer or we'll wear our welcome out. If we remain another week it will be the limit. By that time the bark will have sailed from Callao, and it will be safe for us to return. You'd better ease up on the young lady, or when you come to say good-by it will be a case of leaving your heart behind you for the senorita to add to her conquests of the past."

Clif's advice may have been good, but it didn't jibe well with Jack's feelings. He couldn't deny that he was much in love with Don Luis' daughter. And he couldn't deny, either, that it seemed to be utter folly on his part. The senorita's eyes and coquetries had played havoc with him, and he felt that it would break his heart to leave her when the time arrived, which it was bound to do soon. He realized that he was no fitting match for the girl, and that her father would regard his aspirations with little favor. It is true, he had made himself pretty solid with the old gentleman by saving his life, but that fact didn't warrant him asking for the hand of his daughter. Clif's words made Jack feel so sore that he walked out of the hacienda and took his solitary way up the mountain road, utterly indifferent as to whether he ever came back or not.

It was just at dusk, and he had promised to go walking with Estella, but he had no heart to keep his engagement now. He walked on slowly with his head down and his brain a prey to a jumble of conflicting feelings. The night was still, but the sky, usually bright with stars, was overcast now, and consequently the landscape looked vague and uncertain. After going a mile the road forked at the base of a huge tree. The main road kept

on straight ahead and wound down the mountain to a valley in the range. Instead of following it, Jack mechanically turned off into the branch which led with an easy grade up into the mountain range. Half a mile from the fork it entered a gloomy ravine.

There was nothing here to entice the boy to keep on, but he did so, for it was a matter of indifference to him where he went while in his present mental state. The ravine widened out into a plateau and the road he was following continued upward, gradually narrowing down to a mere path. Finally the boy awoke from his reverie and began to wonder where he had got to. He had paid no attention to his progress into the range, but still the path back was straight behind him, and had he been even fairly familiar with his surroundings, he would have experienced no trouble in retracing his steps. The darkness of the night was against him probably as much as anything else, and after making several fruitless attempts to find the path which he had wandered away from, he sat down on a fallen log to consider the situation. At that moment he heard voices coming toward him. Two men were approaching from the same direction he had come. They walked directly into the wooded nook where he sat, and stopped about a yard away without becoming aware of his presence.

"Well, my hearty," exclaimed the familiar voice of Bill the Butcher, "if ye'll agree to help me carry this here treasure I spoke about out of these mount'ins and down to Callao, I'll let ye in on an even half of it. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Si, senor," replied the other, in an eager tone. "I am your man. How much think you this treasure of the Incas amounts to?"

"Blame me if I kin tell yer, senor; but I was told it amounted to a hull lot."

"Perhaps a hundred thousand pesos or more, eh, Senor Bill?"

"A quarter of a million more like," replied the sailor, emphatically.

"Say you so? That sounds good, senor," replied the man, with a sibilant laugh.

"I'll bet it does."

"And this gold. It is hidden not far from here, senor?" said the Spaniard, with a greedy intonation.

"Not over a hundred miles," chuckled the sailor.

"A hundred miles! What you mean? Said you not it was in this mountain close by where we now stand?"

"Right ye are, my hearty. I could go there in five minutes."

"Ah! Then you will take me there now—this moment, eh?"

Bill was silent for a moment, then he said:

"Ye swear to do the right thing, senor? Ye will not try to do me out of my fair half?"

"I swear by the saints, senor, that I will take no advantage in this matter. A half of a quarter of a million dollars, or even one hundred thousand, it is enough for me. It is a fortune."

"All right. I'll have to trust somebody, and ye are as good as anybody in these diggin's. I reckon a half of the treasure will make yer for life."

As the sailor spoke, he scratched a match on his pants to light his pipe. The blaze lit up the spot for a moment and Jack recognized the Spaniard as Pedro Gonzalez, as he turned his head sidewise. As it happened, the backs of the two men were to-

ward the runaway boy and they did not notice him. Had it not been for the fact that Jack identified Bill's companion as the rascally ex-overseer who had made the murderous attack on Don Luis Cervantes, it is probable he would have made himself known to the big sailor.

"Come on. I'll take ye to the place now," said Bill, as soon as he had coaxed the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe into a glow.

Jack listened eagerly to the conversation just recorded. It recalled to his mind the talk Bill had had with him about the treasure of the Incas the night they escaped from the Wakefield lockup, and were on the road to Rockport. As we have already remarked, he put no faith in the sailor's statement that he knew the spot where a considerable quantity of Peruvian gold was hidden in the mountains back of Lima. Now, however, in light of the present incident, the matter looked altogether different to him. Here was Bill on the very ground making a deal with a Spanish resident to dig up the treasure in question and take it, or at least the sailor's half, to Callao. Apparently it wasn't a fore-castle yarn after all, but something that had foundation, in fact. As soon as Bill announced his willingness to show the hiding place of the treasure to Pedro Gonzalez that night, Jack determined to become an unseen participant in the secret.

"Ha! So this is the place, Senor Bill, eh?" Jack heard the Spaniard say. "I have been here two, three times, but never I suspected that treasure was hidden somewhere about this old Inca ruin. Now, senor, suppose you point out the exact spot where we are to dig."

The sailor looked carefully around as if taking notes, making a complete circuit of the foot of the mound.

As if certain he was on the right side of the ruin, he walked directly to it, struck a match and began to examine the sun-dried bricks of which it was composed, and which had resisted the action of the weather during a matter of three hundred and fifty years.

He had to strike several matches before he found what he was after.

Placing his back against the wall of the ruin he walked down the sloping mound, counting his steps.

At the end of a dozen paces he stopped.

"I'm standin' right above the treasure, my hearty," he said.

The Spaniard seized a dead tree limb and drove it into the ground at the indicated spot.

Jack watched the movements of the pair with the most intense interest.

He was greatly excited to think that a considerable treasure of gold lay hidden within a few yards of his lurking spot.

And this treasure, once the property of the ancient Incas, had lain there undisturbed for over three hundred years.

It seems almost too incredible for belief.

Yet the sailor seemed to have reason for believing in its presence in the mound, and the Spaniard accepted his assurance without question.

So Jack was convinced that there was something in it.

For awhile Bill the Butcher and Pedro Gonzalez conversed together in a tone too low for Jack to hear more than an occasional word now and then.

As they disappeared into the wood Jack rushed over to the spot just vacated by the two men and, kneeling down, looked at the stake Gonzalez had driven into the earth.

It was an ordinary forked branch of a tree.

Jack could not understand why the Spaniard had marked the spot since it was clearly easy for the sailor to find the place at any time, and the two had arranged to work together in recovering the gold.

The reason for the rascally Spaniard's action was made plain to him a little later, as he was following the trail of the two men, expecting they would lead him back to the road down the mountain.

At a certain point on the route there was a deep crevasse within a few yards of the path.

It was beyond a patch of wood, and the ground was open around it.

Jack stopped within the edge of the wood to wait for the men to get beyond a thin line of trees a short distance ahead.

At that moment the moonlight shone for a moment or two through a rift in the clouds.

Then it was that Jack saw the Spaniard lag a pace behind the sailor, as they drew near the edge of the crevasse.

Suddenly the boy saw him spring forward and give Big Bill a push forward.

Taken off his guard, the sailor reeled ahead.

The light of the moon showed him the crevasse right at his feet.

With a desperate effort he managed to recover his balance and was in the act of turning upon the villainous ex-overseer when the Spaniard dexterously gave him another push.

With a hoarse cry of terror Bill the Butcher clutched at the impalpable air and then plunged head foremost down into the yawning abyss.

## CHAPTER XIII.—Love's Young Dream.

"Good Lord!" gasped Jack. "That scoundrel has murdered Bill."

Even as the boy looked with horror-stricken eyes on the scene of the tragedy, he saw the wily Spaniard lean forward and look down into the depths of the crevasse, as if to make sure that his victim had been surely disposed of.

The moonbeams played on his rascally countenance, on which rested a smile of satisfaction and malice, and from his attitude Jack judged he was listening to the fall of poor Bill's body on the rocks below.

At that moment a black cloud covered up the rift and hid the moon's face.

The sudden change back to darkness blotted out the figure of the exultant Spaniard and then Jack heard him utter a terrible scream.

The sound of falling rocks struck upon the boy's ears, succeeded by silence.

"What has happened now?" Jack asked himself in wonder.

As he breathed the words the rift opened again and the moonlight shone upon the scene once more.

The spot where Pedro Gonzalez had stood but a moment before was vacant, while the crevasse seemed a bit wider than it had appeared before.

The truth at once flashed across Jack's mind.

Swift retribution had overtaken Big Bill's murderer.

The ground had unexpectedly broken away under his feet as he stood on the edge of the crevasse, and he had been hurled downward to meet the same fate he had meted out to the man who had trusted him.

"Serves him well right," muttered Jack, stepping out into the open space, but not attempting to approach any nearer to the crevasse which had just marked the end of two lives. "That villain didn't get any more than was coming to him. It's a good thing for Don Luis, I dare say, that he's out of the way for good and all, for I have no doubt the rascal never would have rested till he had tried to finish the old gentleman, and then maybe have abducted Senorita Estella. Well, now I must try and find my way back down this mountain. If the moon will only keep on shining I may succeed in finding the path that connects with the road."

Five minutes later he found the path and, following it, at length reached the plateau and ravine.

"Now I know my way," he muttered, in a tone of satisfaction. "The road goes right through this ravine, and so on to the big tree where it forks out. It is only about a mile from the tree to the hacienda. I shall get there in less than an hour if nothing happens to detain me."

He hurried through the ravine and was walking as fast as he could toward the big tree at the fork, when he saw several swinging lights approaching.

These were lanterns borne in the hands of a number of men.

The men were male servants attached to the hacienda, headed by Don Luis himself and Clif, who had come out searching for him.

He had been missed soon after his interview with Clif by Senorita Estella, who was waiting impatiently for him to appear, according to his promise and go out walking with her.

Finding he did not come, she started to look for him. Clif told her he didn't know where Jack had gone, but had supposed he was with her.

Finally a servant was found who had seen Jack go up the mountain road alone.

Clif and Estella then started on up the road together, hoping to meet Jack on his way back.

They reached the big tree where the road branched off up the mountain fastnesses without seeing a sign of the missing Jack.

After waiting awhile there they retraced their steps, the girl deeply concerned about the boy she had come to think so much of.

On returning to the hacienda they found that Jack was still absent.

Anxious and excited Estella hunted up her father and stated the case to him.

After hearing all she could tell him on the subject, Don Luis decided that it was possible that Jack had gone up the mountain and got lost in the darkness and strangeness of his surroundings.

He summoned half a dozen servants, ordered them to bring along lanterns, and then placing himself at their head, with Clif by his side, started to try and locate the missing boy.

This was the party that Jack encountered on his way back, and great was the satisfaction of Clif and Don Luis on finding him so easily.

"Where in thunder have you been, Jack?" asked Clif, after greetings had been exchanged.

"I've been about two miles or more up the range, or rather in it, for the road I followed had only a gentle slope," replied Jack.

"Why in creation did you make that trip on a dark night like this?"

"Oh, just for the fun of the thing," answered Jack evasively.

"Well, I don't see where the fun comes in. Both Senor Luis and the senorita have been quite anxious over your unexplained absence."

"I'm sorry I was so thoughtless as to wander away and give you the trouble of coming after me, Don Luis," said Jack in an apologetic tone.

"It is all right now, Senor Jack; but you should not have taken the branch leading into the range. You might have lost your way completely."

"I do not regret the adventure, for I've had quite a thrilling experience."

"A thrilling experience!" ejaculated Clif. "Tell us about it."

Clif and Don Luis listened to Jack's story in great astonishment.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Clif. "Then you actually saw that overseer throw Bill down into the crevasse?"

"I did."

"And then the ground gave way under him and he fell in himself?"

"That's true."

"By George! You did have a thrilling experience for a fact."

Don Luis questioned Jack about the ex-overseer to make sure that it was actually Pedro Gonzalez he had seen, and that he had gone down into the crevasse after first treacherously throwing his companion in.

Jack assured the old gentleman that there was no mistake about the Spaniard's identity, or that he had met his death as described.

Don Luis was evidently greatly relieved in his mind by the knowledge that his late overseer was out of the way for good.

The conversation then turned on the subject of the alleged buried treasure.

The boys' host, while admitting that he knew there was an old Inca ruin in the mountain, said that he had never heard it stated that any treasure was believed to be hidden in the mound.

In his opinion such a thing did not appear to be probable.

If such a treasure had really been buried there by the ancient Incas, the chances were that it had long since been removed by those who possessed the knowledge of the secret.

"There could be no harm in investigating the matter, I suppose," replied Jack.

"Not the slightest," replied Don Luis, with a dubious smile. "If you and your friend wish to visit the ruin and make a hunt for the treasure, you can do so at any time you feel disposed to undertake the adventure. I will send a couple of my people with you to show you the way, and to carry the shovels and such other tools as you think you will need."

"Thank you, senor," replied Jack. "I should like very much to see if there is anything in the story told me by Bill the sailor weeks ago in Maine."

"It would be fine if you and I found a treasure

in this mountain," said Cliff, with some eagerness. "It would set us up in funds that we need badly."

"Yes," replied Jack, "but it will probably take something of a search to prove whether Bill's yarn was true or not."

"I'm willing to help you hunt, and if we find the gold in question, you can divide it up to suit yourself, for you have the best right to the greater part of it."

"Oh, don't you worry about that, Clif. If we find anything. I'll do the right thing by you."

Senorita Estella was anxiously and impatiently awaiting the return of the search party.

When she saw the lanterns approaching down the road she ran forward eager to learn if Jack had been found. The boys recognized her sylph-like figure in the gloom and Jack ran ahead to meet her.

"Oh, Senor Jack," she cried joyfully, catching him by the arm, "where have you been? You are a bad boy to run away and leave me when you promised to take me out walking this evening. I have been very, very much worried lest you had gone into the range and got lost."

"I did go up in the range, and I came mighty near being lost, but I found my way out all right or I wouldn't be here now," he answered.

"Why did you go into the mountain to-night? Was it because you have tired of my society?"

"Tired of your society—not in the least."

"But why did you go away at the time you promised to take me out?"

"I can't tell you now. Maybe I will to-morrow."

"To-morrow is a long time to wait," she replied, with a pout. "I fear you do not care for me any more."

"Do not care for you!" replied Jack. "The trouble is I care for you too much, that's why I went off by myself."

"Ah, Senor Jack, you do not mean that," said the girl, clinging closer on his arm.

"Yes, I do mean it. In the short time I've known you I've learned to think the world of you—in fact, I've learned to love you with all my heart. To-night I woke up to the folly of it all, and I went away by myself, for I was afraid to trust myself with you. In a week at the latest we will have to part, no doubt forever. It will break my heart to leave you, but what's the use talking? I am only a penniless young sailor, while you are the only daughter of a wealthy Spaniard who would not consider me for a moment as a possible husband for you. I can't help loving you, and now that I've told you my secret I hope you will not be angry with me for my presumption, and will forgive me for making a fool of myself."

"You are sorry, then, that you—you think so much of me?" she said, softly.

"Sorry, Estella! No, I am not sorry, for I've never been so happy in my life as while with you. But I'm down-hearted because I have no hope of winning you."

"No hope, Senor Jack? Why do you say that? Have you not seen that I have learned to care for you, too? Are you so blind that you fail to see that I love you—love you better than my life? Oh, Senor Jack, you must not go away and leave me. If you do I shall die, for I care only for you—only for you."

"You really meant that, Estella? Is it a fact that you love me?" he asked.

"I love you with all my heart—with all my soul," she cried, impulsively. "You will not go away, Senor Jack, will you? You will stay, for my sake?"

"I will do anything for your sake; but your father——"

"My father will agree to anything I ask him. When I tell him that I love you—that I will marry no one but you, Senor Jack—he will consent. He thinks a great deal of you anyway, because you saved his life. Now are you glad—are you happy?"

"Happy, Estella! I never was so happy before in my life."

The green lane they entered at that moment cut them off from the sight of the party following behind. Jack took advantage of the fact to grab the girl in his arms and imprint a dozen kisses on her responsive lips.

"You will always love me, Estella?"

"Always," she replied.

He kissed her once more and then they went on toward the house, feeling that perfect state of bliss that only come to people in their condition.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Hunting for the Buried Treasure of the Incas.

Before the boys turned in that night they held a long consultation about the treasure of the Incas which, according to Bill the Butcher's yarn, was buried somewhere in the mound on which the ancient ruin rested up in the range.

It was finally decided between them that they would investigate the mound on the following day.

Accordingly, they broached the matter to Don Luis at breakfast, and he said if they wished to go that morning he would place two of his employees at their service. Jack accepted his offer with thanks, and so the plans for the day were settled. Estella, as soon as she learned what was in the wind, insisted on accompanying Jack and the party, and as her father offered no objection to her doing so, it was settled that she should go along on the treasure-hunting expedition.

An hour from the time they left the hacienda they reached the vicinity of the crevasse where the previous night's tragedy had occurred. The spot where the ground had broken away under Pedro Gonzalez's weight was easily to be made out, but the boys were careful not to let their curiosity entice them too close to the edge of the abyss.

The party rested under the shade of the woods close by for half an hour, and then proceeded toward the ruins about half a mile distant. On their arrival at the mound Estella and the boys surveyed the curious ruins with a great deal of interest. It consisted of a tomb-like structure twelve feet square and perhaps twenty feet high, formed of thick slabs of stone, of a mathematical length and height, sandwiched in between layers of coarse brick.

A heavy stone coping of ornamented stone ran around the four sides close to the top. On the side opposite the spot where Bill the Butcher had located the treasure, and which was indicated by the tree limb that Pedro Gonzalez had shoved into

the mound for his future guidance after he had got rid of the sailor, was a thick slab of stone, apparently marking the entrance to this odd structure. It was so nicely fitted, however, that it wasn't possible for Jack to insert the blade of his knife at any point.

"This door appears to have been sealed up a long time ago," he said, as the trio stood looking at the stone. "It was done so well that you can't even see the slightest sign of the cement that was used to do it. The slab was made to fit in so snug that it may not have needed cement to hold it, for it couldn't be pried open without the bricks and stone around it were knocked away."

"If the treasure is in that place how are we going to get at it?" asked Clif.

"The treasure isn't in there if Bill the Butcher knew what he was about," replied Jack.

"Where is it then?"

"In the mound on the opposite side. At any rate, that is where Bill told Pedro Gonzalez that it was."

"He did? Then I bet he was fooling him. Doesn't it stand to reason that if the Incas had a treasure they intended burying, they would put it inside this building and not on the outside where anybody could dig it up that happened to hit on the right spot or took the trouble to go over the ground till they found it?"

Jack had to admit the force of his companion's argument, and for the first time began to suspect that Bill's location of the treasure was a pure blind.

"Well," he said, "if what Bill did last night was a bluff, and the treasure, if one really exists, is inside of that structure, we are not likely to discover it to-day with the implements we have. It would take many hours work with a pick to make an entrance, and it would be pretty hard work at that. We haven't any right to ask Don Luis' servants to do the work, and it looks to be too strenuous a job for us. Therefore, before figuring on attacking the Inca ruin, I propose that we dig at the point marked out by Bill, on the chance that he was not bluffing."

"All right," acquiesced Clif, "whatever you say goes with me. I'd much sooner dig into the ground than tackle the side of that building with a pick."

After their curiosity concerning the ancient ruin had been satisfied, Jack, Clif and Estella walked around to the opposite side where the two servants were talking together under the shade of the wood. Jack pointed out the dead tree branch that the Spaniard stuck into the mound and said that was where the treasure lay, according to Bill.

"If it's there, all I've got to say is that it's a mighty strange place to bury such a thing when there is a strong vault close at hand to receive it," said Clif.

"Who knows but the whole of this mound was once covered by a much stronger building than that edifice yonder?" said Jack, after some thought. "Remember that if the treasure was buried in the time of Pizarro, 350 years ago, there is nothing singular in the fact that only a small structure now remains in fair preservation to mark the site. This mound is probably composed of the debris of the original building, a large part of which has, no doubt, been blown or washed away. In digging into the mound we may come across evidence enough to show that my

surmise is the correct one. Therefore, it isn't impossible that the treasure really is buried right under the spot where the three of us now stand."

"I wouldn't be surprised but you might be right, old man," said Clif, struck by the reasonableness of the point advanced by his companion. "At any rate, I'm ready to help you prove the matter."

"Then get one of the shovels and we'll start in digging," replied Jack.

"Wouldn't you like to have something to eat first?" asked Estella.

"Well, you can spread out the lunch, and we'll come to it when you call us," answered Jack, sticking his spade into the mound and tossing aside the first shovelful of dirt.

Clif followed suit, and they were presently hard at work while the servants looked on from their shady lounging spot, wondering what the Americanos were hunting for. The boys had made some headway with their self-imposed job when Estella called them to lunch. The summons was a welcome one, as the extortion of digging had already made them hungry. Senorita Estella ordered the servants to continue the work while the boys rested and ate. The trio took their time at lunch, laughing and talking over the al fresco meal which tasted uncommon good up there in the range. They speculated a good deal about the buried treasure. What they said, however, was not intelligible to the servants, as the men did not understand English any better than Jack and Clif knew the Spanish language. Finally the boys resumed their digging and the two men were called by the girl to eat up what had been saved for them. It wasn't long before the boys came upon evidences that another building had once stood on the spot where they were excavating. Their spades struck a hard foundation wall, and they had to dig a foot further away from the ruin on the top of the mound. In the course of an hour the boys found they were digging down into a flight of stone steps.

"I wouldn't be surprised if we've hit the right spot after all," said Clif. "These steps were certainly intended to lead somewhere—maybe to an underground vault where the gold is."

"That's right," replied Jack, in a tone that betrayed his excitement at the idea that their search was likely to prove successful.

Estella at this point said they were working too hard, and she ordered the servants to relieve the boys, giving them orders in Spanish. They took up the job and worked for an hour steadily, during which time they uncovered several more of the stone steps. The boys then relieved them and worked on like beavers, greatly encouraged by the progress that had so far been made. The sun was well down when Jack uncovered what was evidently a stone door at the foot of the stairs.

It seemed to be fast as wax, although there was no lock or fastening on that side. Jack called for the pick and attacked one edge of it with great vigor.

Suddenly it gave way, opening inward and Jack nearly fell through. Dropping the pick, he stepped inside the dark opening and struck a match. Clif followed close behind him.

"What do you see?" he asked, eagerly.

"Nothing much as yet. We seem to be in a room," replied Jack.

They advanced carefully, each holding a lighted match before him. The place was dark as pitch, and smelled decidedly close and musty, like any place that has long been closed against the entrance of light and air.

Finally, right before them on the floor they saw a number of rotten and broken wicker baskets which had been filled with pieces of yellow metal, all apparently wedges of one size and shape.

Jack knelt down and took a wedge in his hand to examine.

"By gracious!" he exclaimed, in a voice that trembled with excitement. "This looks like pure gold in chunks."

"Pure gold!" cried Clif. "Then we've struck the buried treasure of the Incas at last."

"Looks like it. There are a dozen baskets of this stuff here. I'll take a wedge out into the light and take a good look at it," said Jack.

He selected a chunk of the metal at random and rushed outside to show it to Estella.

"Oh, Jack!" cried the girl, with a disturbed look. "I heard strange noises inside that ruin just now."

"Strange noises, eh? Why, you don't imagine there are living persons in that building with its sealed-up door?" he replied. "Here, look at this wedge and tell me if you don't think it is pure gold."

"Why, it is gold," she cried. "Did you find it down in that hole?"

"I did. There are many basketfuls of it lying around on the floor. If it is gold, as it certainly seems to be, then we've discovered the treasure of the Incas."

Clif carried one of the baskets they had brought down in the hole, and filled in with gold. At that moment Estella grasped Jack by the arm and asked him if he did not hear a noise in the ruins.

"I didn't notice, but to make sure, I'll go around to the slab and listen, though it doesn't seem possible that there is life inside that place."

"Take the rifle with you," advised the girl.

Jack got it and started across the mound. As Clif ascended the steps with a basketful of the treasure, Jack heard smothered sounds coming from the old ruin. Suddenly from around the stone wall three strangely attired natives sprang out on the mound and menaced Jack with their spears.

## CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

It would be hard to describe the surprise and consternation that ensued among the party of treasure seekers by the unexpected appearance on the scene of the three strangely dressed and fierce looking intruders. The two servants, with cries of terror, fled from the mound.

Estella, with a smothered shriek, clung to one of Jack's arms. As for Jack, he was momentarily paralyzed by the belligerent attitude of the newcomers, but with the return of his presence of mind, he raised his rifle so that he could cover the enemy in the fraction of a moment if they attempted to fling their spears. Thus matters stood perhaps half a minute, then the foremost of the introducers shook his spear in an unfriendly way at Jack and said something that was not in the least intelligible to the boy.

His pantomimic motions, however, were expressive enough to be understood. It was clear that he wanted Jack and his party to leave the neighborhood at once. Jack had no intention of leaving just the same. He and Clif had unearthed what they believed was the buried treasure of the Incas, and Jack did not propose to lose his grip on such a valuable discovery.

"What's the matter with you?" was the boy's reply to the Peruvian warrior's demand.

The situation was certainly a strained one, but Jack intended to hold his ground at all hazards. By this time Clif had regained his customary coolness and he drew the revolver he carried over his hip.

"We must chase these fellows, Jack," he said. "If you disable the leader with a bullet, I'll take care of one of the others."

Jack paid no attention to Clif's suggestion, as he was fully engaged in watching the man in front of him, and trying to foresee what he would do next. The chap in question apparently lost his patience at this moment, and he turned to his companions and spoke to them in his strange language.

"They mean fight, Jack," said Clif. "They're big fellows, and one too many for us, so I don't see but when we shoot it will have to be kill in order to save our own bacon as well as the treasure."

A clash between the parties seemed to be imminent, and Jack felt that they would have to adopt Clif's plan of operations to save themselves, though it seemed almost cowardly to shoot the warriors down with their modern weapons against which the natives stood not the ghost of a show.

Even as these thoughts flashed through Jack's mind the climax came—but it came in a totally unexpected and thrilling way. Just as the three warriors were about to attack the two boys, the ground began to tremble, then rock to and fro, and then seemingly to rise up like the billows of an ocean, while the air suddenly became surcharged with a thick, yellowish vapor. Jack, Clif and Estella were thrown violently to the earth, where they remained half stunned and motionless.

A great fissure opened up through the mound and cut off the part where the warriors had stood a moment before from the rest of the elevation. The old ruin was engulfed like a house of cards fallen in a heap, and with its disappearing masonry of 350 years' standing went the three Peruvian descendants and last survivors of an ancient race—guardians of the buried gold.

In a few minutes the quake was over, and it was not followed by other shocks as is most often the case, especially in warm climates like that of Peru. The atmosphere cleared and nature resumed her wonted aspect. Jack was the first to recover and sit up. He gazed around in a dazed way, for a shock of earthquake is no silly thing to pass through, especially for the first time, as was the case with Jack and Clif.

"Lord! That must have been an earthquake," he breathed.

Then he saw that the stone ruin of Inca workmanship had vanished entirely, leaving a yawning hole in its place. Through the middle of the mound ran an impassable fissure, but the

stairs leading down to the gold were untouched, and his companions were unhurt. The moment Estella recovered her senses she burst into a fit of hysterical weeping and threw her arms around Jack's neck. He encircled her waist with one of his arms and tried his best to calm her.

"Gee! What struck us that time?" asked the demoralized Clif.

"Why, can't you guess? It was an earthquake."

"Was it? So those are the things that Bill said he was so accustomed to that he didn't mind them at all. Well, take my word for it, I don't want to feel another. If they happen often in this neighborhood the sooner we make tracks for Callao the better and take passage for San Francisco."

"See if the treasure is safe, Clif."

"One basketful is all right, and here it is," said the boy, lifting it up and placing it on the mound. "I'll take a squint into the room below at the rest."

He returned with the announcement that but five of the basketfuls of the gold remained in the room.

"The rest have gone down into a great hole that I didn't dare look into," he said. "That means that the earthquake has done us out of a million more or less."

"But it saved us from having an encounter with those natives."

"That's so. They must have been the guardians of the treasure and lived in that square ruin. Now they're gone, the ruin is gone, and half of the treasure has gone, too. As it's getting dark, I think we'd better go, too. We can't carry the gold with us, so we'll have to leave it till tomorrow for Don Luis' servants to carry to the hacienda."

Before leaving Jack insisted that they should remove the rest of the treasure from the room to the woods, and this was done. After covering the gold wedges over with brush, the three young people retraced their steps down the mountain to the main road and thence to the hacienda.

They found the old gentleman on the point of setting out after them, and their appearance afforded him intense relief. The story that Jack told astonished him not a little, for he had not the slightest idea that the boys would find any treasure at all at the ruin. He congratulated them on their discovery, and promised to have the gold brought to the house next morning.

This was done immediately after breakfast. The moment Don Luis saw the wedges of yellow metal he declared positively that they were made of pure gold. Later on when disposed of to the Peruvian government, through the instrumentality of Don Luis, the sum of \$600,000 in gold coin was paid for it. Jack presented Clif with one-third of this amount, gave Estella \$100,000 for herself and kept \$300,000.

The possession of so much money entirely altered the standing and prospects of the two boys. Jack was accepted by Don Luis as his future son-in-law, and as young people marry early in South America, the wedding came off inside of a few months, Clif acting as best man to his friend Jack. Jack and his bride sailed for San

Francisco on their wedding tour, and Clif went with them.

After the honeymoon Jack decided that he didn't care to go back to his father-in-law's hacienda, except perhaps for an occasional visit, and whatever Jack said was satisfactory to his young wife. So Jack and Clif entered into business in San Francisco, and there they are at this day. Thus by starting out as a runaway boy from the village of Wakefield, Maine, Jack fell into a big fortune, as well as a lovely wife, through the discovery of the buried treasure of the Incas.

Next week's issue will contain "THE OLD BROKER'S HEIR; OR, THE BOY WHO WON IN WALL STREET."

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### DOG NEARLY EIGHT FEET TALL

California, which deals in superlatives, now boasts the largest dog in the world.

He is the champion Irish wolf-hound, Shanganagh. Standing on his hind legs, Shanganagh rears eight feet two inches tall, measuring thirty-six inches at the shoulders. And he has by no means achieved his full size, being only a puppy—seventeen months old!

He is owned by Mrs. Horatio Bonestell of Oakland, and at a recent dog show in San Francisco took first prize. Up to the time Shanganagh made his debut, the largest dog in the world, or record, was the famous Goliath of Gath, the pride of Gath Kennels, Walthamstow, England, owned by G. H. Hersey. From the tip of his nose to his hind feet Goliath was seven feet long.

Goliath's remarkable dimensions were exceeded only by Maurprat, another St. Bernard, owned by James Maher of Naugatuck, Conn. This dog was unofficially declared to be nearly eight feet tall and weighed 225 pounds. Shanganagh is larger than either of these two famous dogs.

The Irish wolf-hound is the only rival of the St. Bernard when it comes to size. The name of the latter, as well as his fame, came as a work of mercy in connection with the monastery of St. Bernard in the Swiss-Italian Alps. Carrying a cask of wine and food for poor lost travelers, these dogs traverse the mountain fastnesses, bringing succor to the helpless. The dogs in the Alps are short-coated, because long hair would accumulate a dangerous amount of snow.

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## MONARCH No. 4

or

## The Boy Firemen of Fairdale

By Gaston Garne

(A Serial Story.)

## CHAPTER IX (Continued)

"Certainly," replied Will. "I will do that."

Will and Mr. Wade now had the engine-house to themselves. The Westerner seated himself and lighted a cigar.

"So you recognized the fellow in the carriage with Dugdale as Dan Clifford, the incendiary, eh?" he asked.

"Is that his name?" asked Will in surprise. "Do you know him?"

"Well, I think I do," said Wade, quietly. "He was a notorious horse thief out in Wyoming ten years ago. I know him well, and he knows me. I am likely to make a closer acquaintance with him before long."

Will was astonished.

"Did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him with Dugdale. I did not know, though, until you spoke that he was the incendiary. That adds a new complication. Now let me explain to you why he is in Dugdale's company to-night. Dugdale knows that he can wind him around his finger like a tow string. He knows that Clifford is my deadly enemy. Through him he expects to crush me."

"How can he do that?" exclaimed Will.

"He can't do it. At least, I don't believe he can. But it's just this way. You know my mining property at Red Creek adjoins that of Dugdale's. Now I acquired the property of a man named Preston, who is now dead. I have Preston's surrender of the claim, but beyond that I have nothing. There was no witness nor no record. Of course the property belongs to me, but if this became the knowledge of a foe, and he was pleased to force my hand, he might have my title set aside. I have information that this is the game Dugdale is playing to ruin me. This fellow Clifford is to be the straw man. He is to appear as the claimant by a prior title. I shall have to fight his claim in the courts. Of course I may be defeated and then——"

"And then?" exclaimed Will, breathlessly.

"I shall have to begin life over again. I shall be as poor as a beggar."

"Oh, Mr. Wade!" cried Will, shocked beyond expression, "that must not be. Dugdale must not defeat you! Oh, that would be awful!"

The Westerner smiled and tilted his broad-brimmed hat back.

"Don't fret, little fellow," he said, bluffly. "It's not the first time I've faced the music with the odds forty to one against me. This gang may beat me, but I will make it such a costly victory for them that they will find no value in it."

Will was deeply impressed with this thrilling revelation. But just then a startling sound went up on the air.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

## CHAPTER X.

## An Adverse Tide.

"Fire! Fire!"

The ringing of the fire-alarm bell was at all times sufficient to call out half the population of Fairdale.

People filled the streets as if by magic. The moment the bell sounded Will was upon his feet.

"I must go, Mr. Wade! We will talk this over again. I must see you as soon again as possible."

"All right, my boy," said the Westerner. "I am going to the fire with you."

Into the engine-house rushed the boys of Monarch No. 4. In a remarkably short space of time they had manned the ropes and were off.

Will Norton and Jack Craven ran ahead with their trumpets. The engine company exerted every nerve to be first at the fire.

And as usual they were. The fire was in a tenement block in the most crowded section of Fairdale.

The flames were raging in the lower story. In the upper windows were men and women and children, fully a score in number, hemmed in by the fire.

Will's blood grew chilly as he saw their dangerous predicament. He realized that there would be an awful loss of life unless something was done at once.

Chief Hogan had now arrived, and his face showed horror and doubt.

"My soul! How will we get those people out, Norton?" he asked. "I can see no way to save them all."

Indeed, the affair looked dubious. The tenement was a tinder-box. The flames were eating it up with great rapidity.

There was no time to lose.

The women were screaming, the children crying, and the men shouting hoarsely. A few had leaped, and were picked up with broken bones.

The scene was a fearful one. The fire lighted the street like day. Above was the dark sky. It was a terrible moment.

Will Norton was cool but quick. He at once took charge of matters. It seemed as if his master hand was admitted even by the chief.

With quick, sharp orders Will brought up the hook and ladder truck. He ordered a long ladder placed in the middle of the street. Another was placed slantingly against it to support it. Then one of the boys went up lightly and lashed the top rounds together.

A third ladder was carried up and extended across to the window-ledge of an upper story, thus making a bridge. The object of this was to escape the flames leaping from the lower windows.

As the crowd saw the object of this they cheered wildly. Up the ladder went a number of the firemen. Will was the first one to cross the ladder-bridge and enter the tenement.

Then began the work of rescue.

The children were carried over the ladder-bridge first, one after another, being passed from the arms of one fireman to another. The women were next.

Rapidly the work of rescue was carried on. When the women and children had all been removed, the men followed.

By the time the last one had crossed the ladder-

bridge and descended to the ground the upper floors of the tenement fell in. The rescue had been none too soon.

The crowd cheered the rescue long and loudly. Chief Hogan seized Will's hand and said:

"That was clever work, Norton. I should never have thought of that plan."

The tenement now rapidly went up in smoke. In a short while all that was left of it was a heap of ashes.

It was with difficulty that the fire was kept from spreading. But finally the fire companies were able to take their leave shortly after midnight.

Will washed up at the engine-house and went home. His mother had not retired, and was waiting for him. He did not tell her of his experience at the bridge with Clinton Dugdale and Hall, nor of the surprising facts he had learned from Mr. Wade.

But when Will went to bed he lay awake a long time, pondering the matter. It would have been his natural impulse to go to the police and, if possible, at once secure the arrest of the incendiary, Dan Clifford.

But he could now see that Mr. Wade's plan was perhaps the wisest, and it might be better to wait. In fact, he could offer no other evidence than his own word that the real incendiary was Clifford; and this, he reflected, would be hardly sufficient.

The next morning Will arose and went down to the engine-house. He felt somewhat jaded after the hard work of the night before.

He looked for a visit from Mr. Wade, but the Westerner did not come. When Will went home that evening his mother met him with pale and anxious face.

"Have you seen Mr. Wade to-day?" she asked.

"No," replied Will, "I have not."

"Well, have you heard the report concerning him," she asked.

"I have heard no report," said Will, in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Here is the afternoon paper," said Mrs. Norton. "You can read it for yourself."

Will took the paper and read the following startling bit of news:

"Great surprise was created in financial circles to-day by the report that Wesley Wade, a new arrival in Fairdale, and a reputed millionaire owner of Montana gold mines, has been sued by a claimant of the mine from which he has made his fortune, the well-known Red Creek Gold Mine. The claimant is Daniel Clifford, a Klondike miner, who claims that he has an absolute deed of the mine antedating that of Wade. If this claim is proved Wade will be forced to relinquish his claim to the mine, and the original owner can recover from him as far as possible by law for the gold he has already taken out. Papers have been served upon Wade, and the case will soon be called up in the United States court. At present Mr. Wade is stopping with his family at the Fairdale Hotel, awaiting the completion of his magnificent mansion on Prospect Hill."

Will read the article twice. Then he laid the paper down. He was a trifle pale.

"I hope that is not true," was the only comment he made. He partook of his supper and then, arising, said:

"Mother, I am going down to see Mr. Wade. I feel that is my duty."

"Very well, my son," said Mrs. Norton. "I advise you to do so."

"It would be a dreadful thing if Mr. Wade should lose his fortune. This is all the work of Dugdale. Oh, mother, if we only had that deed which was lost we could turn the tables likewise upon Dugdale."

"It would be indeed gratifying," said Mrs. Norton. "But it is hardly possible, for it is probably not now in existence."

Will went down to the Fairdale Hotel. He sent up his card and presently the bellboy returned and said:

"Mr. Wade will see you in his room."

Wesley Wade was sitting by the window in an arm-chair.

"I am glad to see you, Will," he cried, heartily. "I didn't go out yesterday. I have been a little indisposed."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Will. "I trust you are feeling better."

"Oh, yes," replied Wade. "By the way, did you see that little item in the paper to-day?"

"Yes," replied Will. "I hope there is no truth in it."

"Well, I am afraid there is," said Wade. "It looks to me as if they might beat me. You see, if Preston was alive I would be all right, for he could prove the title good, but he, I am told, is dead."

"That is very unfortunate."

"Yes; it does not frighten me to go broke. Oh, no! That has happened before. But I hoped to meet old Dugdale in a financial battle and beat him."

"Do you regard the situation as serious as that?" asked Will, aghast.

"My boy," said Wade, seriously, "I am likely to be without a penny in a short time. If they can make this case good, it is done."

Will was overcome.

"I am sorry," he said.

"All right," said Wade, in his bulldog way. "Let them break me if they will. But there are other ways of forcing old Dugdale to the wall. Before I am through I'll turn the tables on him."

"Wesley," said Mrs. Wade, anxiously, "you must not allow yourself to get excited."

"All right, my dear," said the Westerner, with a genial laugh. "I will keep cool, but such fellows as Dugdale have the power to ruffle a man's temper."

"Is it true that Clifford has a prior deed to your mine, Mr. Wade?" asked Will.

"No," replied Wade, "but you see the man from whom I purchased the claim is the only one who can prove that. It is easy enough for Clifford to get false evidence out in that country that he once owned the mine. The same fire which destroyed the records of your father's mine also destroyed the records of mine. This cunning scoundrel, Dugdale, knows this, and he proposes to use the same methods to beat me that he used against your father. Law in the Wild West is a flexible matter. It is not always easy to get justice unless you become judges and jury yourself and enforce it at the muzzle of a revolver."

(To be continued.)

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## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### HAS BATH BEFORE TRIAL

Judge Bierney in Chicago, Ill., ordered that Frank Glendon be given a bath before he would try him for picking pockets.

### CLINIC FOR ANIMALS HAD BIGGEST YEAR

In the past year, according to its report, the New York Women's League for Animals helped more sick and injured and homeless dogs, cats, horses and other creatures than in any previous fourteen years.

The report states that 18,381 were treated, an advance of 2,529 over 1925. Free treatment was given 5,449 cases. Homes were found for 1,063 ownerless dogs and cats.

### TOO MUCH INTROSPECTION

Philosophical and psychological studies are leading youths to suicide, it was said in Atlantic City, N. J., recently by Judge Frank M. Trexler of Allentown, Pa., for many years a Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania. "Too much introspection and not enough concentration on the regular tasks of the day are the reasons for the increasing suicide rate among young students," he said.

"More attention to the concrete facts of existence and less wool gathering speculation on matters that are not vital in their careers, would keep their minds sound."

### VEGETABLES FOR DOGS

Having founded a city for dogs in which the canines are taught the errors of their carnivorous ways and are made to eat only vegetable food, Junial Sheth, an eccentric Hindu millionaire in Baroda, India, now is bringing out a dog newspaper. The newspaper's policy is to eradicate the killing tendency in dogs.

Puppies are given an especially tasty dish, called shia, made from wheat flour, fried in butter and then slowly cooked in milk—with a dash of sugar and salt. The older dogs are given tougher bread and leathery pancakes.

To make the village safe from rats and mice, which might tempt the dogs, all the floors have been constructed with cement.

## THE PERFECT ANKLE

There is no ankle in the world to beat the ankle of the English girl, says A. J. Munnings, R. A., the portrait painter, who is in great demand as a judge at ankle shows which just now are the fad here and there about the country.

"The English woman has perfect ankles—straight and true and as beautiful as any on earth, including the American girl's," Mr. Munnings declared after a ball at Norwich.

"Ankle awards are terribly difficult," says the artist. "Judging from the back is best. Ankles which appear perfect from the front are often disappointing at the back. In some ankles which are otherwise perfect the Achilles tendon does not come down gracefully."

Improvement in ankles is due to more dancing and more sport and exercise generally, he believes. "Ankles of today are a vast improvement on the Victorian age—but it was very difficult to get a glimpse of ankles in the Victorian age."

## LAUGHS

### GOT THE MONEY

Doctor—"Well, I'll get my money out of old Neverpay this time."

Wife—"You said you never expected to get a cent for treating him."

Doctor—"I will this time. His life was insured, and he's dead."

### SELF-DEFENSE

Piano Manufacturer (hotly)—"Why didn't you show off that piano, instead of making such horrible noises on it?"

Salesman (apologetically)—"Those ladies live next door to me, and I was afraid they'd buy."

### THE USUAL RESULT

Friend—"You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out?"

Business Man (wearily)—"Great Success. He's teaching me now."

### A LITTLE TOO SHORT

Employer—"What do you do with your Saturday half holiday?"

Clerk—"Oh, I have a good time thinking where I would go and what fun I could have if it were a whole holiday."

### NO JUDGE OF BEAUTY

Artist's Sister—"Oh, George, your work is going to be appreciated at last! At the gallery today I heard Mrs. Highup say you had the prettiest picture on exhibition."

Struggling Artist (despondently)—"Mrs. Highup, unfortunately, is no judge. She admires that red-faced, pug-nosed baby of hers."

### A TRIFLE TOO GOOD

Chappie—"I wish to—aw—purchase an umbrella."

Dealer—"Umbrella, sir; yes, sir. Here is something just out, sir—ten dollars."

Chappie—"Oh, not that kind. I've got one of that kind, don't you know. I want something to use when it rains, don't you know."

## "Only Two Tramps"

"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust!"

The earth and gravel rattled on the coffin as it fell from the minister's hands, mingling there with the tears of two boys who stood leaning over the open grave.

This scene occurred in the far-away city of Richmond, and it was into a house in that city that the two boys groped their way that night; they were roughly clad, and everything about them denoted poverty, as did also the two rooms, which had been their home and their mother's.

As the poor woman lay there on the bed, dying, she had called the boys to her side.

"I am dying, my darlings," she brokenly said. "I must leave you, but not forever—no—no; we will meet again—*there!*" and she pointed upward with one thin, white finger. "Promise me that, boys."

"We promise," was the broken reply.

"I am satisfied, then," she weakly said. "When I am dead, the sale of these things will enable you to bury me decently. That done, you must make your way to Philadelphia. Your father has a brother there who may take care of you; I would not ask him to help while I lived, for he was cruel—cruel to me when your father was alive. He was displeased at your father's marrying me; and when your father was sick on his death-bed, and I sent him word, he sent back the reply that he would care for his brother, but not for me."

"Your father refused to leave me, and died soon after. Should he not receive you well, there is another brother, Gilbert, who lives on the Hudson River—you will find his address in my pocket-book—go to him. You must promise me this, too, my boys."

They could not but promise as required, and an hour later they saw before them only the senseless clay, the cold outline, of what had once been their mother.

They had a few dollars left on which to subsist during the long tramp that lay before them.

Toiling on, they reached Philadelphia at last.

Being directed to the address they asked for, the twins found it to be a large and stylish house; at the parlor window they saw a daintily dressed young miss, who shrank back with a disgusted look as they mounted the steps.

"Only two tramps, ma," they heard her shrilly cry in response to a query of her mother's, just as the man-servant was in the act of opening the door.

"What do you want?" was the surlily addressed question. "Don't you know that the kitchen door is the place for such as you to ring?"

"We want Mr. Seabrook, if you please," said Ted.

"Indeed!" with a sneer. "You dirty vagabonds, what's your business with him?"

Ted flashed up, and seeing encouragement in Gil's blue eyes, rejoined:

"That's none of your business!"

"What! you young loafers!" cried the angry servant; and raising his foot, he kicked them down the stoop.

In their extremity they knew not what to do, and wandered dejectedly through the streets: they

heard a man addressed as Mr. Seabrook, and followed him into a bank; it was their uncle.

They entered, and inquired for him.

He saw them, and coldly dismissed them with a dollar, bidding them never come near him again.

But one thing was left—to visit their Uncle Gilbert, after whom Gil had been named.

Tramping along wearily they reached the busy, noisy metropolis of New York; here they remained several days, and then started for their Uncle Gilbert's place, some forty miles away.

They reached the country place, and turning down the road, entered the grounds of a splendid mansion, even as a carriage rolled through the gateway.

"It is the girl from Philadelphia and her brother!" cried Ted. "It was she who called us vagabonds."

And so it was.

They were cousins.

The girl recognized them in an instant, and communicated the fact to her brother.

Scarce knowing what to do, the twins halted when they had progressed some distance through the shrubbery-bordered walk, and threw themselves down in the rear of a summer-house.

They heard voices—those of their cousins, who entered the place.

"Ma says she's nearly worried to death by that horrid dressmaker who made these dresses."

"And here's another dun from my tailor."

"Ma says pa won't give her any money."

"He ain't got it to give," was the rejoinder; "what with keeping that big house and three or four servants, he can't make ends meet, and is getting more deeply in debt all the time. He gets five thousand a year and spends ten. If Uncle Gilbert would only die now, everything would come straight."

The hearts of the two listeners turned sick with disgust, though they were but vagabonds, and Gil, unable longer to bear it, gave a loud cough.

They sprang to their feet, and the girl uttered a shriek.

"What is the matter?" asked a gruff voice, as she rushed from the summer-house. It was their Uncle Seabrook.

"Tramps!" she exclaimed.

"Is that so? Sick 'em, Rollo!"

A big black dog nosed around a minute, and then with a low growl made at the twin vagabonds.

With a bound he was on Ted, and would have sunk his fangs in the boy's neck, had not Gil seized the ugly brute by the throat, and choked him off; never once did Gil loosen his grip until, with a convulsive tremor, the dog became a dead weight on his hands, and then he let him fall, stone dead.

Old Seabrook's face was purple with passion, and he plied his cane vigorously over Gil's shoulders.

"You thieving vagabond!" he cried. "You dirty loafer! Get out of here now, or I'll have you sent to jail!"

Smarting with their blows, for both had caught them, they proudly turned away, and were lost to sight in the shrubbery.

But they did not leave the ground and instead sought shelter in the barn, for the night was close at hand, and a storm was impending.

After a while they fell asleep.

They were awakened by a scorching blast which

swept across their faces, and jumped up to find the barn on fire.

A mass of flame barred their way to the door.

They paused one instant, and then dashed through the flames, reached the open, and bounded outside, gasping for breath.

"Catch them!" cried a hoarse voice, and heavy hands were laid on them, while Gilbert Seabrook soundly berated them and sent one of his men away for a constable.

The barn was doomed, and burned to the ground before the eyes of its owner, and on the charge of setting it on fire the twin vagabonds were locked up.

They were tried before a squire.

The evidence was not very complete, but a case was made out against them somehow—for they were only tramps whom it would be idle to have sympathy for—and they were sentenced to jail for sixty days.

During the trial they held themselves erect, and gazed proudly at Gilbert Seabrook, who knew not the relationship he bore them; and the irascible old man once or twice raised his stout cane to give them a good drubbing.

The sixty days rolled around, and they were released.

"Shall we go, Gil?" asked Ted, as they halted beneath a tree.

"Yes," was Gil's reply. "He treated us badly, still it is our duty to save him from being robbed. We can go there and warn them, and then leave."

Once more they trudged along toward the mansion, this time with far different feelings than before; they now went to do a service to the man who had treated them so badly.

They followed the railroad track until they came to his grounds, which they at once entered; the ground here slightly swelled, and the viaduct through which the rails ran was spanned over by an arched bridge of stone leading to the piece of ground washed by the river where stood the boat-house.

Far away they could hear the faint rumble of an approaching train, and paused on the viaduct's coping to see it go by.

As they stood thus, unseen by them, old Gilbert Seabrook came stumping alone from the boat-house.

He was near the bridge when a sight of the two intruders brought him to a halt.

On came the train; it rushed in sight, and the boys were watching it.

Gilbert Seabrook saw not the train, only knew that they were there, and with uplifted cane, and eyes fastened on them, he stepped forward, and—

A wild cry of horror rent the air.

They quickly turned, and saw a man falling into the viaduct.

Wildly did Gilbert Seabrook clutch about for something to stay his fall, and Providence aided him to clutch the coping with one hand.

The boys were above him.

"Help me!" pleaded Gilbert Seabrook, turning upward a white, prayerful face; they recognized him instantly, as he did them.

On—on the train came rushing; in a minute it would be too late.

"Help—help!" he shrieked, as his nerveless, overstrained fingers began slipping. "Help me! Do not desert me!"

They seized one hand; he raised the other, and that was caught by a firm grasp.

On—on—nearer—nearer—the whistle shrieking like a demon, on—on—the wheels grinding and roaring, on—on—the hot breath of the locomotive almost fanning their cheeks.

A long, steady pull, while old Gilbert dug his toes into the rough crevices of the wall, and—the train rushed by.

But it was robbed of its victim, for he stood there upon the coping.

"Heaven bless you!" he said, and then, after a glance at the danger he had escaped, he began to sink.

They caught him, and carried him in a faint to his house.

He soon came to, and, taking out his pocket-book, offered them money, which they proudly spurned.

"Tramps and vagabonds make a living by stealing and burning barns," said Ted, bitterly. "It's a wonder you don't have us arrested now on suspicion, because we entered your grounds."

Gilbert Seabrook's face flushed, as much with shame as anger.

"Forgive me," he said, at last. "Why came you here?"

"We were released from jail this very day. Several days ago we heard three men, whose terms expire to-day, plotting to rob your house to-night. Duty, not affection, brought us here to warn you."

"And now we will go," said Gil.

Seabrook's voice was husky with emotion as he begged them to remain.

"If I have done you injustice," he said, "let me repair it; stay, and help protect me, since you have warned me of this danger of being robbed."

"We will," they answered, "and then we will go."

"Your names, what are they?" he asked, "you refused to give them on the trial. What are they?"

"Mine is Ted."

"And mine Gil."

"What else?"

"Seabrook," said Gil, after a minute's hesitation.

"Surely not my brother's twin boys?"

"The same."

Explanations followed, and in less than an hour every servant in the place had his or her orders to respect the boys as their masters.

"I should not have been so mad when I set the dog on you that day," he said, "only I had just overheard by chance some conversation between my niece and nephew."

"Which we also heard," said Gil.

"I sent them home the next day," he said, dryly. "They will never come here again!"

Neither they did.

Preparations were made, and the three convicts were captured that night and sent back to serve out longer terms.

Ted and Gil still live in the mansion by the river. Both have received good educations, and when old Gilbert Seabrook dies, they, and not the primp miss they saw in the window at Philadelphia, will come into possession of the broad acres and "powerful sight" of money.

## CURRENT NEWS

### ODOR OF GARLIC

Dairymen of Alamance County, Raleigh, North Carolina, continually worried with reports of onion flavor in the milk that they supply city residents, and cognizant of the widespread enthusiasm about, and ignorance of, vitamins, have decided in a meeting held recently to designate the flavor as "Vitamin O" and thus place a premium on the odor of the succulent garlic, writes County Agent Kerr Scott.

### BATH OR JAIL

Asked to choose between thirty days in jail and a bath, Joe "Billybanks" Martin, Orchard Avenue, San Leandro, Calif., elected "hot water" in preference to the "cooler."

Martin, yeleft "Billybanks" from the locally accepted belief that he developed the "Billybanks" Irish potato, was haled into the San Leandro Justice Court upon the complaint of neighbors, who declared that Martin hadn't treated himself to a bath since propagating his new variety of "spud" three years ago.

Martin accredited his water shyness to the fact that he was once shipwrecked while a sailor on the billowy Pacific.

### WHEN TO SPANK

A simple rule of when to spank and when not to spank was set down by Dr. Daniel A. Poling, minister of the Marble Collegiate Church. Dr. Poling also is International President of the Christian Endeavor. He included his "rule" in an address at the Young People's Conference held in the Waldorf-Astoria, broadcast over the radio.

"I do believe in spanking or whipping a child and have so practiced, even as I was so practiced upon. Solomon was right! Some children, and I was one of them, cannot learn to live well without it. Others are not helped by it. Study your child and know yourself and never whip, never, when you feel like doing it."

### JURY JOB BORES WOMEN

Sex equality has failed in the jury box in Dublin, Ireland, and legislators have drawn up a new bill exempting women from court duty.

Under the Constitution complete equality of men and women was established, with identical political rights and responsibilities. But women found serving on juries irksome.

Not more than thirty women have served on juries within the last two years, it having been arranged for them to be exempted upon application, and the Ministry of Justice concludes that the existing law does not justify administrative expenses.

### INDIAN JUG FOUND IN ARIZONA

A priceless Indian jug, found in the ancient cliff dwellings of Casa Grande in Arizona by an old prospector, has been presented to the University of Santa Clara museum, San Francisco, Calif., by David Marks, a student.

The jug, characterized as an "archeological treasure" by the Rev. Cornelius J. McCoy, S. J.,

president of the university, was the prospector's gift to Marks when the student's mother befriended him.

### LARGEST OYSTER EVER CAUGHT

George Barnes, of St. Michaels, State oyster inspector recently had in his possession one of the largest, if not the largest oyster ever caught in the waters of Maryland.

It was caught by Captain William Hunt in Miles River, off Long Point, near St. Michaels, Easton, Ind. It measured from one end of the shell to the other, 11½ inches in length, and was 6 inches in width and weighed two pounds and fourteen ounces. The oyster when shucked weighed one pound.

### FIVE MEALS FOR BRITONS

Although they already eat four meals a day counting the inevitable afternoon tea, Britons are now adopting the custom in England of having a fifth repast. The new habit is called "elevensing."

Not only in the homes of the leisure class, but among office workers as well, it is becoming the practice to take coffee and a sandwich at 11 o'clock every morning.

Tea room proprietors recently have reported an unprecedented rush of patronage at that hour, and predict that "elevensing" soon will become a national fixture.

### CO-EDS TO CHANGE HEADGEAR

A sex war threatens to break out in a new form in Glasgow University, due to the revolutionary change which girl students wish to introduce in academic styles. The traditional "mortar board" headgear doesn't sit well on shingled locks and the girls are accordingly agitating for the substitution of the beret.

The university senate, however, looks severely on the threatened innovation, fearing if girls start wearing the beret the men may want to follow suit, with disastrous effects to the dignity of traditional university apparel.

### MONKEY FIGHT

The London zoo was in mourning after the battle of the century on Monkey Hill, in which sixty-one apes took part. One was killed and more than a score were injured. The cause of the fight was Mrs. Murphy, widow of Murphy the baboon, who died a few days ago. Because of the short age of monkey wives—there are sixty-six males and only six females among the zoo apes—Widow Murphy was the object of a general rush on the part of bachelor suitors, who fell out among themselves and resorted to primeval jungle methods to decide who would win her.

Unfortunately, the Widow Murphy herself got mixed up in the melee, and it was she who lost her life. After the battle the penitent combatants deposited her body in the Monkey Hill pond.

## TIMELY TOPICS

## SHRINE FOUND IN GERMANY

At the foot of a mountain near Treves, on the Rhine, Berlin, Germany, a shrine to Mithra, the Persian god of light, was discovered.

It was evidence that the cult of the Persian deity was in vogue throughout the Rhine country during the ancient Roman occupation.

## DEVELOPED BARKLESS DOGS

By interbreeding with a type of Siberian sledge dog, a local fancier in Olympia, Washington, has developed dogs that do not bark. When hungry they have a manner of howling something akin to that of the wolf, but when well fed they are as silent as the giraffe, which has no vocal cords at all.

## IMPRISONED IN VAULT

With President F. W. Blazey, of the Star Elevator Company, Cleveland, Ohio, yelling the numbers of the combination from within, detectives finally succeeded in releasing Blazey and five other employees of the firm from the huge office vault.

They had been imprisoned for about an hour by payroll bandits.

## PEARL FOUND IN OYSTER

An oyster run at the market of James Edkins was caused recently in Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, when news of the discovery of a pearl valued at \$2,000 was spread about town.

The pearl was found by Charles Hissem, an employee, who started the task of opening sixty oysters only after another worker had refused.

## SCIENTIST DISCOVERS GAS-EATING MICROBE

Motor Traffic has brought in a new microbe, Prof. Carl Neuberg of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Berlin, Germany, declares. It is a gas-eater, he says, which lives in and thrives upon the drops of gasoline that fall upon the highways or collect in the garages.

It is quite probable, Professor Neuberg thinks, that the motor-traffic microbe is new only in the sense of its just becoming known to science. He is endeavoring to find out where the little gas-eater lived and by what means he subsisted before the automobile came into existence.

## WHITMAN SCHOOL FOR \$18

The frame school house in Woodbury, L. I., where Walt Whitman first taught in 1836 at the age of seventeen, was sold at auction recently to Frank Velsor, a local builder, who was one of two bidders. He paid \$18 for it.

L. C. Piquet, President of the Woodbury Board of Education, had hoped to find some one willing to pay to preserve the structure and move it intact. It must be moved or torn down to make way for a new school building.

Velsor said recently he would try to find some one who would pay him more than \$18 for it, but if he is unsuccessful he will tear it down and sell the fine old beams as lumber.

## PENNY WORTH \$800

A United States penny, worth \$800, according to coin collectors' guides, has been on exhibition in the window of a jewelry store in Carthage, New York.

The owner of the coin requested the jeweler not to make known his name. It is said that only three of the pennies were coined because of the controversial nature of the inscription. It was passed down to the Carthage man from his great-grandfather.

## CEMETERY ON BANKS OF RHINE

Excavators at Tergnay, small village in the Canton of Virton, have recently unearthed a cemetery of the Franks, early settlers along the Rhine, dating back to the fourth or fifth century. Eighteen perfectly preserved tombs have already been brought to light.

Valuable relics, urns, vases, hatchets, spears and various pieces of money found in the graves have been turned over to archaeological museums.

## HERO DOG IN MUSEUM

Balto, the hero dog of Nome, seems destined to end his days in a cheap dime museum in Los Angeles, Calif. Balto led the dog team that dragged a sled loaded with precious diphtheria anti-toxin over many miles of snow trails to Nome two years ago.

Now, with several teammates, he is one of the exhibits in a "museum for men only." Their only exercise is taken in a narrow alley back of the museum. They are housed in cramped quarters.

## GERMANS LINK AIRPLANE AND GROUND BY RADIOPHONE

Telephonic communication was maintained by an airplane while flying from Berlin to Frankfurt, Germany, according to a report to the Department of Commerce. The microphone used on the test was supported on the breast of the pilot, while the head phones were built into the flying helmet. The total weight of the plane's radio equipment was 48 kilograms. Power was taken from a small generator driven by a propeller.

## BROWN JUMPS INTO ARENA

"Fight your own bull," may become an additional inducement to spectators of Spanish torador contests, as a result of the success of the first attempt to make bullfighting an amateur sport.

At the opening of a school for matadors at Los Rosales volunteers from the audience were called for to tackle the second bull. Leonard Brown, an English visitor, although he had never handled a sword, and it was only the second time he had seen a bullfight, jumped into the arena.

Taking a sword and cloak, he faced the animal, and, after a few minutes' maneuvering, killed it with a single thrust. The audience, which included many distinguished persons, gave Brown an ovation.

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